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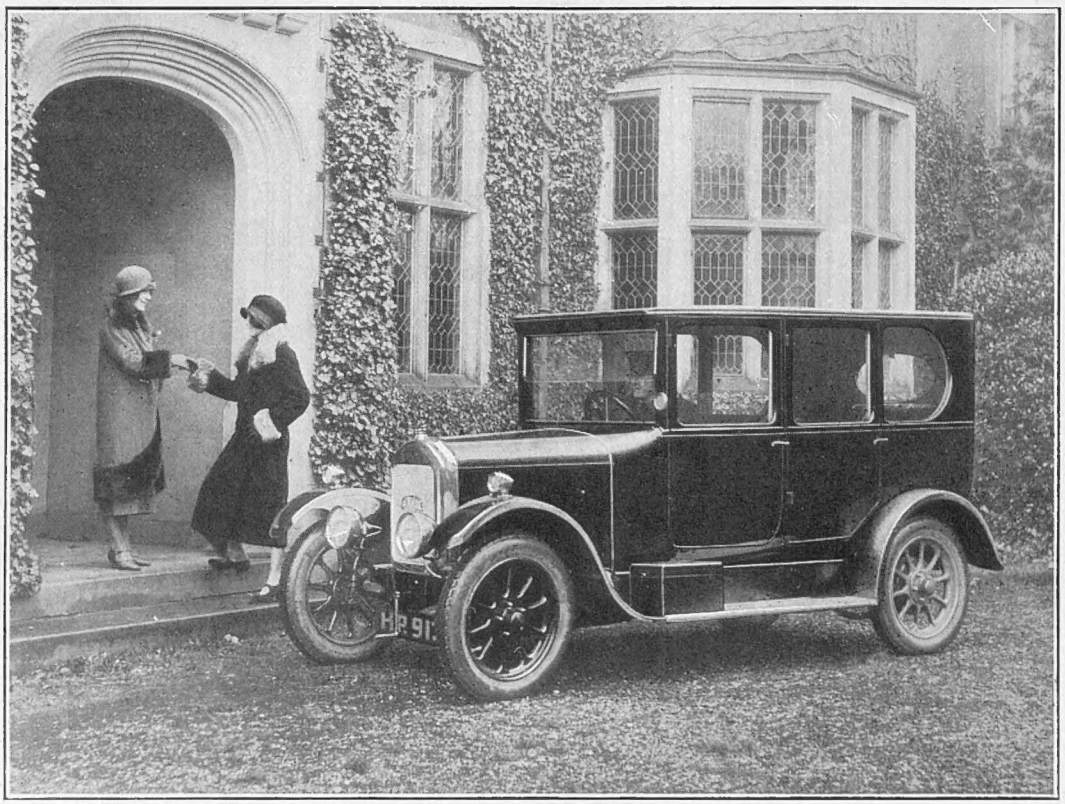

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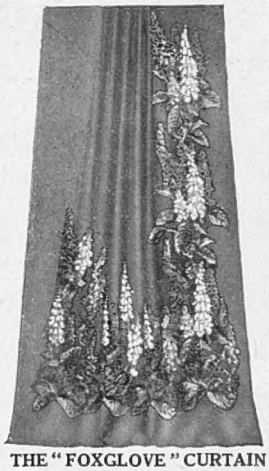

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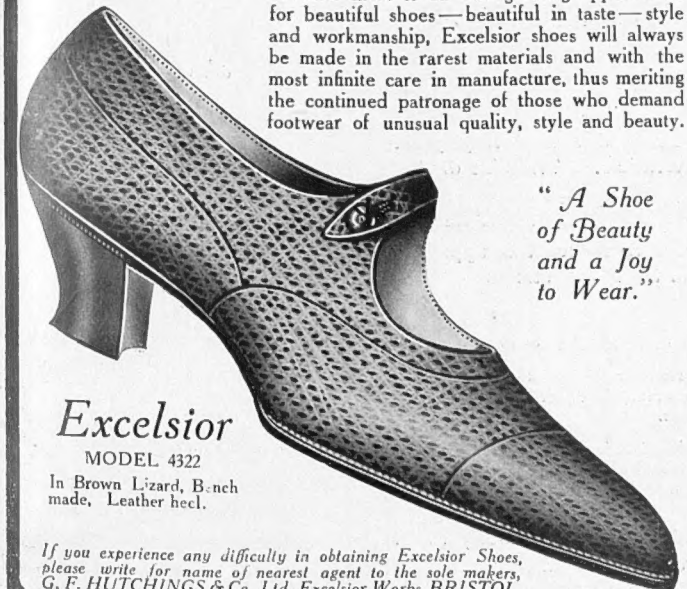

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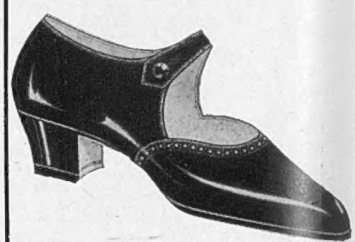

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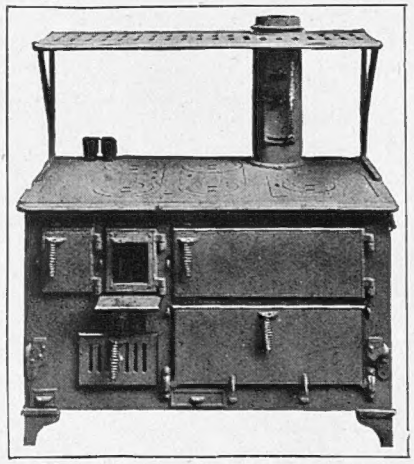

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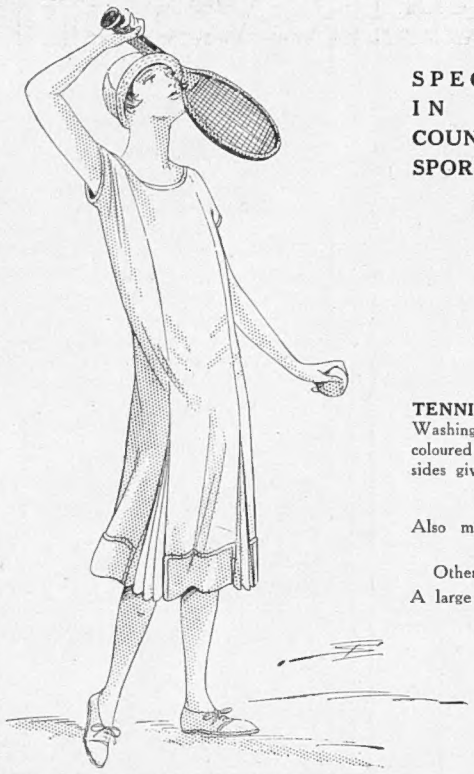

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A FEW applications of 'Caradium' will restore your Grey Hair to its full original colour, lustre and beauty, without trouble or danger.

'Caradium' is so gradual in action and yields such perfectly natural results that there is not the slightest risk of its use exciting comment.

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The "Britannic" has secured an unrivalled world-wide reputation for its high finish and remarkable durability.

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The "Britannic" is made in many designs and widths, complete with watches in various styles from £4, also "Britannic" expanding bands alone, with hooks to replace straps.

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beg to announce that they will hold a

MODEL PARADE OF CORSETS ON MONDAY

March 23rd and following days—until March 27th from 11 a.m. to 12 noon, and 3 p.m. to 4 p.m.

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DAILY GRAPHIC

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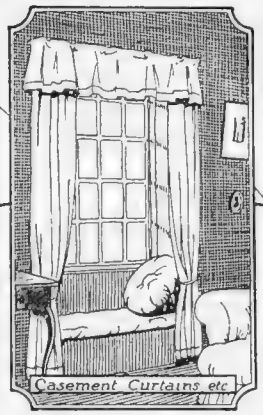

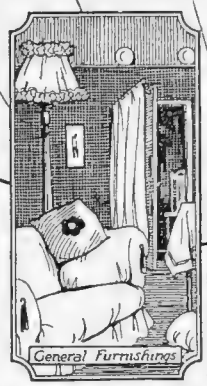

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Colour Permanence Absolute

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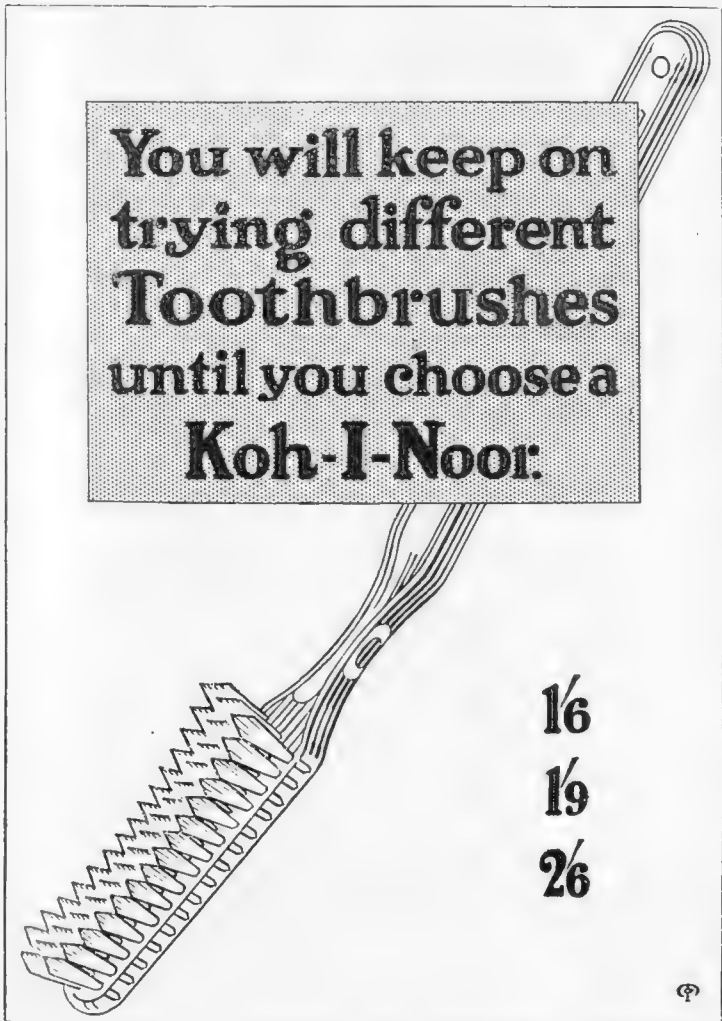

1/6
1/9
2/6

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NATURE is the supreme artist. There is a colouring so essentially personal, a tone which is so vitally part of the individually feminine. In faithful emulation of the decrees of Nature INECTO captivates the charm of texture and of hue.

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SIZE	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½	2-8
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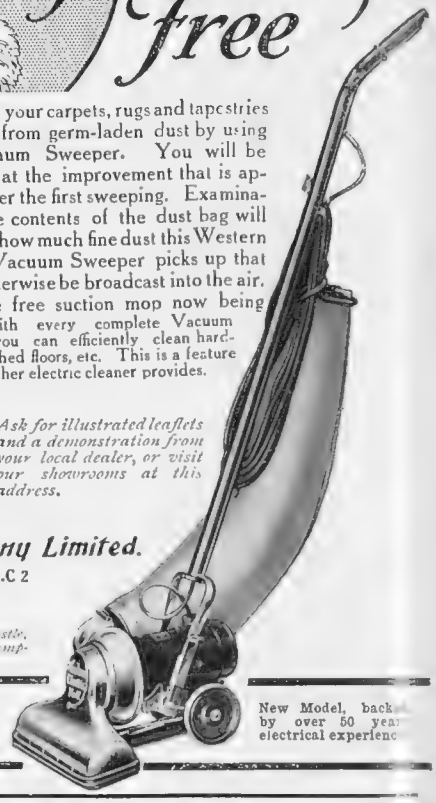

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New Model, backed by over 50 years electrical experience

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The most efficient

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COATS & SKIRTS
for Spring Wear

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Available in covert repps and plain repps in havana, grey, putty, navy or black.
Sizes : S.S.W., S.W. and W. **6 gns.**

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In two-tone brown, grey or fawn.
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No. 3477 B.C. — New front lacing model in strong pink Brocade, with elastic Top. Sizes 23 to 30 ins.

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EXCLUSIVE Knitted Suit for Young Ladies, comprising Coat, Skirt and Jumper. In super quality wool, with Rayon binding and fancy design. In the following colours — Putty, White, Almond, Light Jade, Silver, Kingfisher, Champagne, Dark Fawn, Ecaille.

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THE newest straight silhouette calls for an addition to the existing figure types in order to include the tall, the petite, and the extra stout as well as the slender average, new-average and full figures. The new-average coming between the old average and the full figure.

These seven figure types are amply provided for in the new range of—

Royal Worcester *and* Bon Ton Corsets

which include the very latest Bon Ton rubber reducing garments.

And now comes the new ventilated model. For restoring neglected figures and quickly reducing the unduly stout these world-renowned rubber garments, although now universally imitated, are still *sans approche*.

Our expert fitters are always in attendance to fit or advise ladies on the subject of correct corsetry.

ECONOMY
WEEK
Commences March 23rd
Write for Catalogue.

Model 871.—New-average figure. Pink broché, elastic gusset at back, elastic gore on hips. Ideal for tailored suits and for diaphragm control. Sizes 23 to 34 . . . . . 21/9

Model 941.—The same shape in rich pink broché. Sizes 24 to 34 47/6

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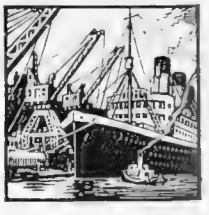

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AQUASCUTUM, REGENT STREET, LONDON

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Twice Daily at 2.30 and 7.45.
Last Week of "SUMURÛN," the wordless play in seven scenes;
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"The Best Revue in London."—*Daily Express.*

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A New Romantic Play by Rafael Sabatini.
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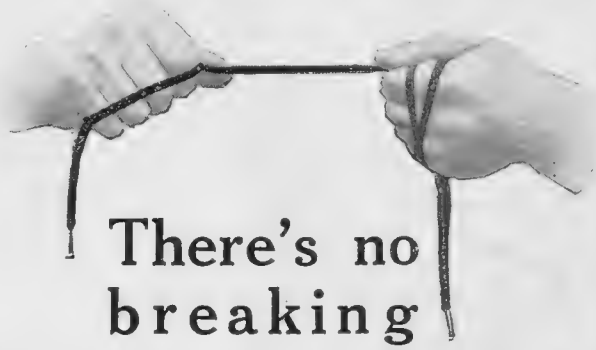

There's no breaking this famous Lace

THIS advertisement is specially for those who, whenever they break a lace at an inconvenient time (and does it ever happen otherwise?), blame the manufacturer for turning out a rubbishy product. That they themselves may be to blame for accepting anything offered in the belief that a penny or two pence should buy a pair of excellent quality laces is entirely overlooked.

In making a Paton's "33" Lace, several hundred strands and over a quarter mile of the highest grade thread are used. The tags are also noteworthy. Fitted by a patent process they cannot come off. The dyes used are the finest made, and in every detail this lace is as perfect as a lace can be.

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Paton's "33" Lace *is made in Ladies' Boot, Gents' Boot, Tubular Shoe, Flat Shoe shapes, in two shades, black and tan, and*
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In case you have difficulty in obtaining write direct to the Mills enclosing 4d., 8d., or 1/- for one, two or three pairs as desired. State colour required and whether for boots or shoes.

"PATON'S 33 LACES"
See the band —on every pair
WILLIAM PATON LIMITED,
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The Symbol of Perfection

The House with the unrivalled reputation for exclusive hair-work productions

ALWAYS ADMIRED BUT NEVER DETECTED

"LA NATURELLE"

LIVES UP TO ITS NAME AND REPUTATION

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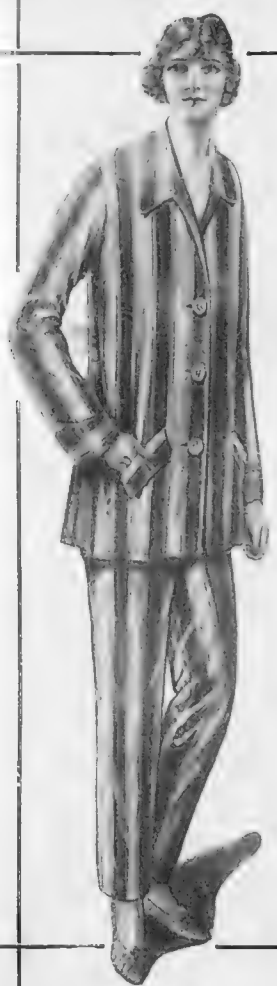

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AT SPECIAL PRICES.

LADIES PYJAMAS, as sketch, in heavy-weight pure silk striped Crepe de Chine, in various stripes on ivory ground, thoroughly recommended for hard wear.

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Sent on approval.

THE SECRET OF SLENDERNESS

THE NEW CORSLO "PLASTIQUE"

FOR MEDIUM AND FULL FIGURES

The "Corslo Plastique" is obviously the first necessity of the new season's Outfit for the woman who wishes to achieve slenderness and smartness, and it will undoubtedly help to beautify every type of figure, and to give the correctness of line to all kinds of Clothes, from Sports Suits to Dance Frocks. A closed and cleverly boned back to secure the absolutely straight unbroken lines which are demanded by the new fashion, inset and graduated side-pieces of elastic to give suppleness of silhouette and movement, covered hooks and eyes down the left side make the fastening easy and unobtrusive, and an all-round series of Suspenders hold the fabric in position so that it is literally moulded to the figure, are the special features of this "Corslo Plastique." It combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, in one supremely comfortable and "Slimming Garment" which can be worn and washed too, like ordinary underclothes, as all the bones can be easily removed and replaced.

THE "CORSLO PLASTIQUE." In Cotton Tricot, closed at back, hooking under arm, with panels of elastic at side, wide supporting steel in front, and firmly boned at back, washable. Measurement: bust, waist and hips

PRICE **73/6**

In best quality satin or silk tricot, **6 Gns.**

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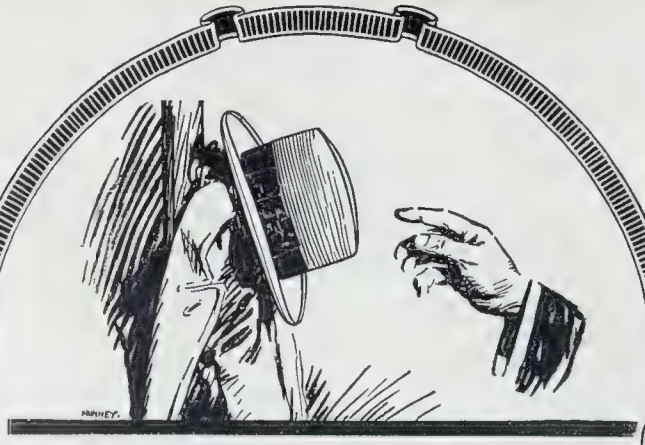

IT never looked obviously new, it never looks really old. Wind, rain or sun only serve to bring out its fine qualities. Of all the hats I've ever had it has met with the kindest criticism from my womenfolk. . . . It's a good hat. . . . It's a Battersby.

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HATS
FOR MEN

Sold by the best Hatters

In standard qualities 20/-, 25/-, 30/-

Actual Makers: **BATTERSBY & CO. LTD., STOCKPORT**

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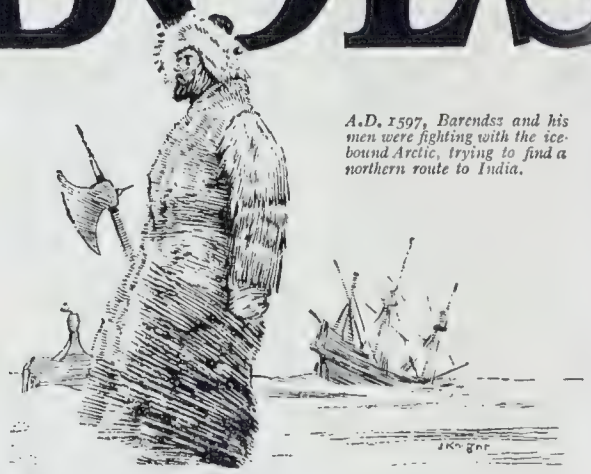

A.D. 1597, Barendsz and his men were fighting with the ice-bound Arctic, trying to find a northern route to India.

BOLS like to think that explorers in the frozen wastes have found cheer within bottles from the distillery established at Amsterdam by Lucas Bols in 1575. Bols Liqueurs and Spirits have indeed a warm niche in 350 years of history.

BOLS

You should know BOLS:—Very Old Gin, Dry Gin, Kümmel, Orange Curaçao (Dry), White Curaçao (Triple Sec), Crème de Menthe, Maraschino, and Cherry Brandy.

BROWN, GORE & WELCH, LTD.,
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By Appointment.

The Sparkle of Pomagne

is entirely a natural sparkle. Into the making of Pomagne – the Champagne Cider de Luxe made by Bulmer's of Hereford—no artificial element enters. It is evolved to its high perfection by the slow and intricate Champagne process, and as the finest Champagne is supreme among wines, so Pomagne is supreme among Ciders. Its remarkably low acidity makes Bulmer's Cider **the perfect drink for gouty and rheumatic persons,** and is guaranteed free from all preservatives.

BULMER'S POMAGNE

Champagne Cider de Luxe

Made only by
H. P. BULMER & CO., Ltd., Hereford.
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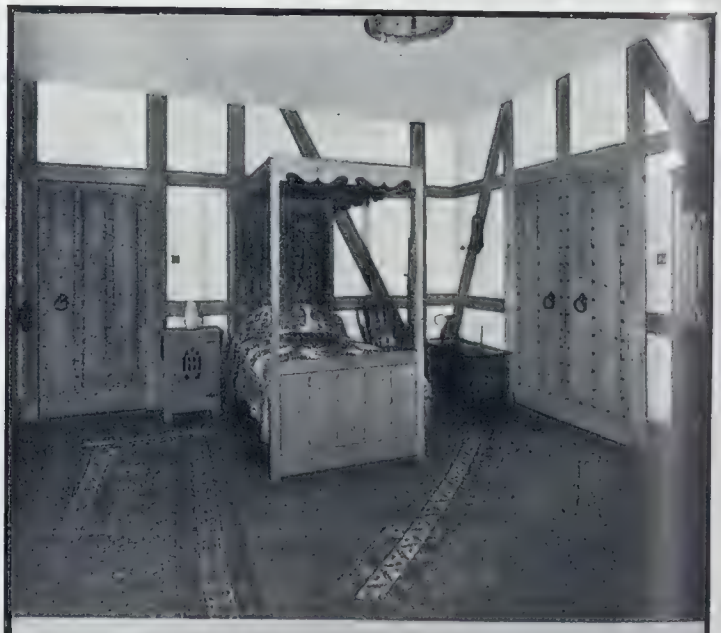

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The Bystander, March 18, 1925

No. 1111. Vol. LXXXV.

The BYSTANDER

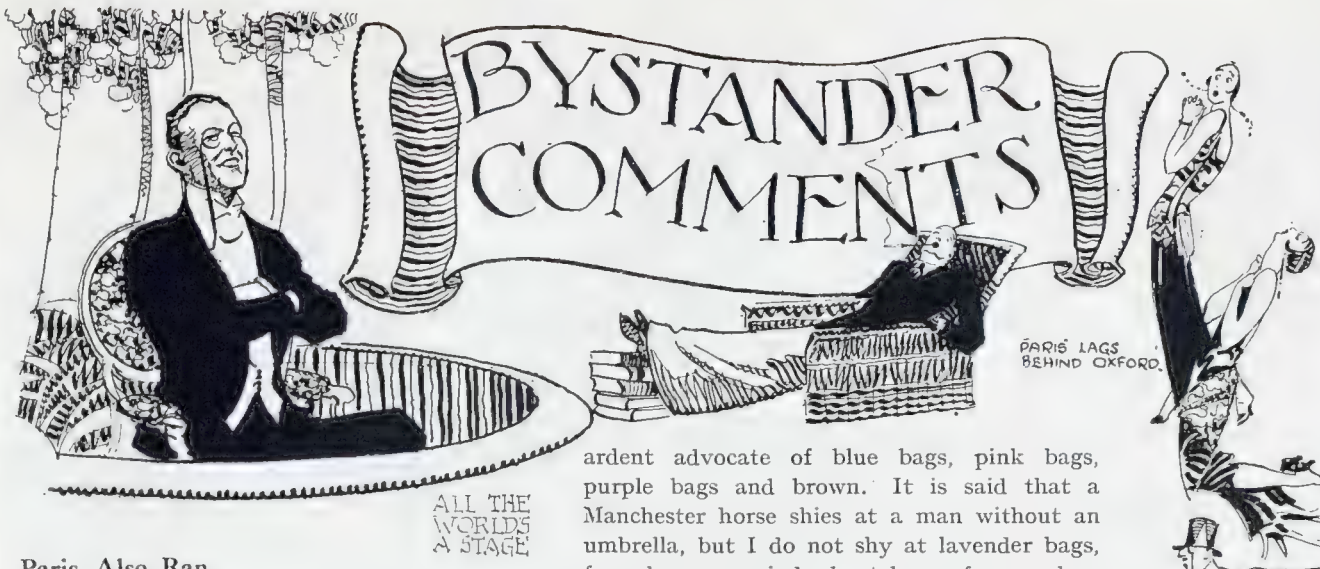
Keystone

FROM A CASTLE IN SPAIN

A new photograph of the Infanta Maria Christina, the younger of the King and Queen of Spain's two daughters, taken at her home in Madrid. She will be fourteen this year

BY CHLOË PRESTON

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY . . ."



Paris Also Ran

A YEAR ago our Spring Fashions Number might have dealt with the progress promised in the adornment of woman—lovely woman. But, to-day, all this is changed. The ladies have had to take a back seat and Paris lags behind Oxford as an arbiter of Fashion.

Signs of the Times

LEST you should think I exaggerate, let me say that in my morning paper I find a special column on Oxford "Bags"; a leading article on "Colour Fashions for Men"; and a cartoon in which a game of billiards degenerates into a duel of trousers. My picture paper gives the greater part of its front page to the costume of a gentleman at a steeplechase meeting, and so it goes on. These be signs of the times—solemn portents—that we cannot afford to disregard.

Topsy-Turvy

SO far as these ultra-modern fashions are concerned, the boys and girls seem to be engaged in a game of topsy-turvy, and if things go on like this a couple of weeks will find the women in trousers and the men in skirts. To see a modern man and maid taking a walk abroad is to realise that things are not what they seem, for, unless you are careful, you will raise your hat to the man and offer a cigarette to the maid every time.

Purple, Pink and Brown

DON'T suppose that I am preaching a solemn sermon of the sartorial sort against this March madness. Long ago, when I found my parting degenerating into a bald patch, I determined to be dismayed at nothing, and I have kept my vow. Consequently, I am an ardent advocate of blue bags, pink bags, purple bags and brown. It is said that a Manchester horse shies at a man without an umbrella, but I do not shy at lavender bags, fawn bags, nor, indeed, at bags of any colour whatsoever.

On Getting Into a Rut

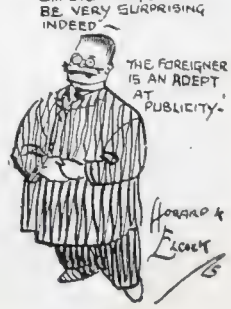
AFTER all, anything is better than getting into a rut. These bright young souls who take thought what they shall wear and in what manner their nether garments shall be cut, are keeping their grey matter from becoming stagnant until the day when they will be called upon to handle our foreign politics and to sit in the Court of Appeal. Also, they are providing writers of revue with the sort of material that is necessary to this class of entertainment. As "young Mr. Noel Coward" remarked, "with a characteristic snap of his fingers," the essence of revue is surprise, and some of these "Oxford bags" can be very surprising indeed.

Artificial Glamour

I GET rather tired of comparing the enterprise of the Pied Pipers who whistle English money into the coffers of the Riviera casinos and hotels with the lack of ditto shown by the home product. It is all a matter of publicity, and the foreigner is an adept at the art, whereas the Englishman prides himself on having a soul above such adventitious aids. Consequently, our moneyed classes have drifted into the belief that nowhere does the sun shine so brightly and nowhere do the Spring flowers bloom so abundantly as on the golden seaboard of the Côte d'Azur or in the hills above Grasse.

The Railway Regrets

THERE is nothing accidental about this state of affairs. Let me give you an example. A writer of musical comedy was asked to provide a book with a Riviera setting—



carnivals, blue seas, golden sands and all the glamorous attributes that conventional musical comedy demands. Feeling that the thing could be done just as well at home, he wrote for advice and assistance to an English railway company that is trying to persuade holiday-makers that England really has a Sunny Coast of her own. By return of post—for your English official wastes no time in turning down a good thing—came the inevitable reply that "the Regulations of the Company" will not "admit of my complying with the request you make." With the result that English playgoers will, presumably, continue to be instructed that the Foreign Resort is the only home of sunshine and the paradise of flowers.

What a Nerve!

I WAS simply furious when I read that a Cambridgeshire servant girl had had the audacity to have her hair bobbed "in imitation of her mistress." What a nerve! Surely the wretched female should have known that her mistress would be forced to give her marching orders and write a stern note to the papers about it. What are we coming to, when such an outrage can be tolerated in a Christian country? I find myself quite exhausted with indignation, and I can only register the pious hope that it will never, never happen again.

PROTOCOL-IC!

Failing Eyesight

THE incident reminds me of the merchant prince who began to suffer from failing eyesight at the time when tortoiseshell spectacles came into fashion. The said merchant prince hied him to an optician, and, on studying his features in the office mirror, was not dissatisfied with the result. But, alas! a junior member of his staff also suffered from failing eyesight, and on the following morning there were two pairs of tortoiseshell glasses in the same building. Naturally, the junior clerk got the sack on Saturday, but, even so, the ruffled feelings of the merchant prince remained ruffled for quite a while.

Lang's Latest

WITH new plays produced so frequently in the provinces, theatrical gossip in the West End is stimulated by rumours of failure and success that come floating into town on the wings of hearsay. Happening to be in Birmingham during the most recent week-end, I was pleased to find Matheson Lang well away with a new production which should keep him occupied for quite a long time to come. He is playing Cesare Borgia in Rafael Sabatini's stirring drama, *The Tyrant*, a gentleman who has been judiciously white-washed for the requirements of popular appeal.

A Pleasant Literary Gent

FOLLOWING the unfolding of this "dark Italian story," you would never suppose that the author of *The Tyrant* is the quiet and pleasant literary gent that his many friends know him to be. If you run across Sabatini at his club, you will find no dagger in his teeth and no raven locks tumbling across a marble brow. Instead, he will tell you sorrowfully that the rehearsals for his new play have kept him in town for two weeks, and that when he does get away, a cruel fate will prevent him from fishing in two places at once. For this writer of highly romantic stories, this weaver of dark Italian intrigues, is a keen follower of Izaak Walton, and, beyond fishing the waters of the Wye, has no particular hobby that I have been able to discover.

Wit and Wickedness

WHEN we were very young, we thrilled to the wonderful "'Nineties"—that hectic period when the Yellow Book brought a touch of wit and wickedness into the rather stodgy Victorian atmosphere. Myself, I was never quite sure either of the wit or of the wickedness. Certainly, Max Beerbohm scintillated; and the Oscar Wilde scandal was on every lip, but these things were not sufficient to account for the extravagant things that were said and written during the particular decade that is reviewed in Osbert Burdett's new book, *The Beardsley Period*. And the truth of it is, I am afraid, that the hectic 'Nineties were not really so hectic after all. Neither in wit nor in wickedness could they compete with our own times, for Max is happily still with us and *The Vortex* and *Spring Cleaning* have put *Lady Windermere's Fan* quite in the shade.

BY BEAM

Not Unamusing

I AM beginning to feel that these modern anthologies are being rather over-done. It is hardly possible for one man to decide which were the best poems, the best short stories or the best essays of 1924. These things can only be settled with the passing of years, the settling of mud, and the stilling of the face of the waters of criticism. How some future anthologist will smile when he comes across a selection from contemporary poets made by a contemporary critic. How strangely some of those pathetic little oddities will read in the light of a later experience. What errors of omission will become apparent as the critic of 1954 turns the pages of a slim volume lying neglected in a box in the Charing Cross Road. Very strange, but not unamusing!

This Season's (Political) Model?

BY E. T. REED

TORY PARTY-MAN (before *the curtains are opened*): "Quite so. That design you've got there is about what we want—spirited and aggressive, what? (*Curtains open slowly.*) Here, I say!—*What's* this!—Conf-! (h'm, h'm) I mean, HOW VERY BEAUT-IFUL!"

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

BON VOYAGE *Russell*

His Majesty the King, who leaves this week for a cruise in the Mediterranean on the Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert." This is his first holiday abroad since he came to the throne

LEAVING FOR THE LEVEE *Central Press*

The Prince of Wales entering the State coach at York House *en route* for St. James's Palace, where, for the first time, he deputised for the King. Over nine hundred presentations were made

The Prince and the Levee

UNLESS my memory is at fault I cannot recollect the King being ever called upon during the late reign to represent his father at a Levee. On the other hand, King Edward, as Prince of Wales, invariably took the Levees for Queen Victoria. More often than not Queen Alexandra, as Princess of Wales, took the Drawing-rooms. When she was unable to do so, Princess Christian took her place.

Once, when Princess Christian was unwell, the duty fell upon Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, much to the indignation of several haughty old dowagers who considered the duty should not have been relegated to a Princess who had made a non-Royal marriage. Some of them, when they reached the Palace and heard of the change, pounded home again forthwith, without making their curtseys.

The Prince came through this added experience in representing the King with flying colours, taking the presentations, I am told, with great dignity. The Levee was larger than usual, there being no less than nine hundred presentations. The peerage was poorly represented outside those in official attendance, for in the general company there were only four earls, five viscounts, and four barons—not a single marquis or a duke. And there was not a single judge to make his bow.

VERY NEAT SCOTCH *Sport and General*

The Duke of Abercorn (the Governor of Northern Ireland) at the State opening of the Northern Parliament in Belfast. The guard of honour was provided by the Seaforth Highlanders

Royal Influence

PRINCE HENRY has chosen Biarritz for the change of air ordered by his doctor after his recent attack of influenza, thus following the example of King Edward and the Prince of Wales. King Edward was largely instrumental, if not wholly so, in making Biarritz a fashionable resort with English people after the decline of its early glories under the Empress Eugènie. I don't wonder the Biarritz folk showed their gratitude by erecting a statue to him.

King Edward likewise "made." Homburg and Marienbad, and after he took his annual cure at the then Austrian spa—it is now Czecho-Slovakian with an unpronounceable name—instead of at the German one, the fashionableness and prestige of Homburg steadily declined.

Bonnets over the Border

WHEN Prince Henry goes to Glasgow in May to receive the freedom of the city, he will be made a Bonnet-maker and Dyer of the Trades House Incorporation. There are various trades in this Incorporation, and of these the Prince of Wales is a Hammerman, Lord Lascelles a Weaver, and Lord Rosebery a Bonnet-maker and Dyer. The Bonnet-makers *soit entendu* are not concerned with that former article of feminine attire, but with the male Scottish "bonnet."

W. Dennis Moss

LADY DIANA SOMERSET AND CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSCOTE (THE NEW FIELD MASTER) OUT WITH THE BEAUFORT

W. Dennis Moss

CAPTAIN WALLER (left), MISS HEATH HARRISON AND MRS. WALLER WITH THE BEAUFORT

IN THE BEAUFORT COUNTRY

Those who have taken their fences with the Beaufort have seen some good sport lately. At the recent Hullavington meet, where the Duke was out with the lady-pack, the Blue and Buffs got their best run of the season, starting with a find at Stanton Park. A two hours' run with a point of eight miles was registered, hounds covering some twenty miles or so

Lenten Observance

FASTING on certain days, we know, is part of the observance of Lent with a great many people. The reason is not so applicable nowadays as it was in former times, when people gorged themselves at meals. You only have to read *Pepys' Diary* to see the astonishing amount people of his comparatively moderate means ate at a sitting. Two chickens were but a small item in Louis XIV's dinner, his loyal subjects having the privilege of seeing him tear them to pieces with his fingers and gnaw the bones.

The custom came from the East, where it is still the fashion to eat until you can stuff in no more out of compliment to your host, when you are being entertained. Its origin was purely hygienic, and, later, it was given a religious significance, which has gone on through the centuries. A pause in a year of heavy eating was an excellent thing for the body and the mind.

Fasting and the Complexion

BUT fasting nowadays is not confined to Lent. It is becoming quite a fashionable treatment. Doctors are keeping people in bed for as long as three days without food. Myself, I know several women who periodically starve themselves for a week on end, even longer.

They all say that the first two days are the worst, and that after that all desire for food gradually disappears. They drink as much water as they like. Some of them don't even stay in bed, but this puts a heavy strain on the system. The going back to eating is a delicate matter, and has to be resumed very carefully. They begin by taking orange juice. After that they eat oranges, and so on through beef-tea and slops up to the lightest kind of solids.

"But why should they starve themselves?" you will ask. The answer is, "For the sake of their complexions."

And I must say starvation has a marvellous effect upon their skins, whether it has an evil effect or not upon their constitutions. And when three women, all in one family, are on the starvation treatment it certainly does save the house-bills!

A Gift to the Nation

WE have not yet got accustomed to think of the erstwhile Sir Philip and Lady Lloyd-Greame as Sir Philip and Lady Cunliffe-Lister, the name they took recently when Lady Cunliffe-Lister inherited the Masham property in Yorkshire from her uncle, the late Lord Masham. The Masham barony was given to her grandfather, Samuel Cunliffe-Lister, who

A MEET AT HONINGTON HALL *L. N. A.*

The house party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Greenish for a meet of the Belvoir, including Captain M. O. Roberts (the Master) and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Greenish, Sir George Whichcote, Mrs. Pearse, Mrs. Royds, Lord George Seymour, Captain Waldersey, Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Gordon

I. P. A.

FOLLOWING HER FATHER'S PACK

Lady Margaret Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's eldest daughter, at a recent meet of the famous Scottish hounds

invented machinery to deal with waste silk, and made a great fortune in consequence. He was succeeded by his two sons, and as neither left any heirs the estates went to Lady Cunliffe-Lister, whose mother—the first baron's second daughter—married a clergyman, the Rev. Charles Boynton.

On the Masham property are the ruins of Middleham Castle, in Wensleydale, a castle which was the feudal home of the Nevills. Bulwer Lytton placed many of the scenes of *The Last of the Barons* here. It was ordered to be destroyed in the time of the Commonwealth, and has been in ruins ever since. Warwick the Kingmaker and Richard III were amongst the several owners of Middleham. The place is full of history.

I hear that Lady Cunliffe-Lister desires to give Middleham to the nation. If this is the case, all those historically and archæologically inclined will rejoice.

Lord Curzon

DURING the last two years one illness has followed quickly upon another in Lord Curzon's family, including an operation for appendicitis on his stepson, young Mr. Duggan. And now comes his own serious illness after a long spell of indifferent health.

People who know Lord Curzon intimately—and he has many friends who have known him since his youth—will tell you that the "superior person" which is always attached to his name is nothing but manner. He has reached the highest offices in the State, and was so successful as Viceroy of India, despite his historic differences with Lord Kitchener, that he was asked to take on a second term of office. Yet his personality has never appealed to the general public, although his services to the country far outweigh those of many popular political idols.

The most tragic moment of Lord Curzon's life was when he was passed over for the Premiership because he sat in the House of Lords. If he had still been Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon he would have been Prime Minister instead of Mr. Baldwin, after that historic meeting at the Carlton which ended the Coalition Government. But it has now become a fixed rule that the Prime Minister must be in the Commons, so his elevation to the peerage prevented Lord Curzon

Alfieri

LORD AND LADY CAMDEN

realising an ambition of his youthful days, an ambition of which he never made a secret, to be one day Prime Minister of England.

As Viceroy of India both he and his first wife, the beautiful Mary Leiter (daughter of that famous American Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Leiter), had a tremendous idea of the dignity of the office. Their conception of their duties was often mistaken as an expression of what they considered due to themselves personally, not as representing the English sovereignty, and gave rise to endless stories, some true; many, fabrications.

Here is a typical story which went the rounds. One Sunday, on their first visit to Simla, a sidesman, during the collection at the morning service in the church,

Photo Illus.

LORD COTTENHAM AND LADY IRENE PRATT

NEARING THE END!

Personalities at a recent meet of the Eridge, where, in common with other countries, thrusters are making the most of the season's remaining few days

Photo Illus.

COLONEL COURTHOPE, M.P., AND HIS DAUGHTER

LORD LONSDALE WITH CAPTAIN AND MRS. WILLS *Alfieri*

Topical

MAJOR AND MRS HUMPHREY WYNDHAM

presented the bag first to the Viceroy. He received no alms. Then he presented it to the late Lady Curzon. Again no alms. By this time he became aware of desperate beckonings from the aide-de-camp. Going up to him that gentleman placed the Viceregal alms in the bag.

This story was told everywhere as an example of Viceregal "side." But the truth of the matter was that before they went to church the Viceroy and his wife had been told that it was the custom for the aide-de-camp to make their *largesse* to the collection and not they themselves. Actually, it was all the sidesman's fault. He was new to the office.

There is another story that after the Duke had explained some historic points about the Castle to a group of tourists—a tradesmen's association from a neighbouring town—they made a collection amongst themselves to reward him. But that story, I think, is *ben trovato*.

Clothes and the Man

THE Duchess of Norfolk, after staying for several weeks in Rome, is spending Lent at Everingham Park in Yorkshire. It is some time since the house was occupied by members of the Norfolk family, as the late Duke preferred Beech Hill near Sheffield, and Everingham was let to the late Lord Nunburnholme. Although he spent large sums of money on the restoration of Arundel Castle, the late Duke was always happier in Yorkshire than anywhere else.

He was most kind in throwing open Arundel Castle, the gardens and park, to trippers, but at the same time he always felt a lack of privacy at Arundel. He was famous for the shabby, ill-cut clothes he always wore. One day, walking in the garden at Arundel, he crossed a lawn. At the other side he was met by a pink and very angry dame. "Can't you read?" she cried, pointing to a notice, on which was 'Visitors are requested not to walk on the grass."

The Duke expressed his contrition. "Bah," said the dame. "It's all very well saying you're sorry, but it's the likes of you who get the likes of me shut out of these lovely places! Why can't you do as you're asked? The notice's civil enough."

Topical

MRS. MITCHELL HENRY AND MR. IAN BULLOUGH

A Diplomatic Secret

OUR Embassy at Constantinople used to be considered one of the plums of the Diplomatic Service, and budding Ambassadors will rejoice that it has been restored to the list of "possible" posts. The appointment has gone to Sir Ronald Lindsay, Lord Crawford's third brother, who once upon a time was Assistant-Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

There is an interesting fact about our former Embassy in Constantinople which is not generally known. You will remember how the whole world was startled by the sudden descent of the Italians on Tripoli a few years before the War, without any of the usual *pourparlers* and exchange of notes.

The reason for that sudden descent was this. Our Embassy at Constantinople learnt that Germany was making a "loan"—actually it was a gift—of two millions of money to Turkey for certain rights and privileges in Tripoli, rights and privileges which, in their effect, meant the sale of that province to Germany.

W. Dennis Moss

LADY HELENA GIBBS, LIEUT.-COLONEL J. E. GIBBS AND BARON DE TUYLL

Sport and General

MAJOR PICKERING, MRS. WEATHERLEY AND MRS. DE FREVILLE

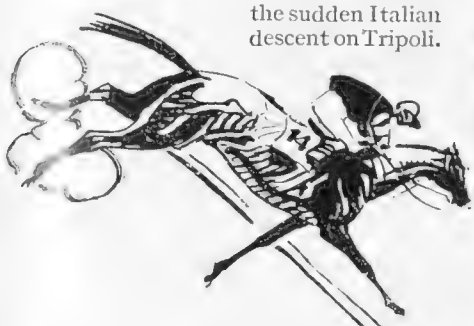
PERSONALITIES at CHELTENHAM

These 'Chases, for which there were big fields, were well attended, but on the second day proved none too cheering for the layer, favourites failing all down the line

W. Dennis Moss

The Hon. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS and MR. H. A. BROWN

Although Germany at that time was in the Triple Alliance with Italy and Austria, German occupation of a strip of North Africa so close to Italy had a menace peculiarly its own. The news of the German "deal" with the then Sultan was sent to our Foreign Office by our Embassy in Constantinople, and immediately handed on to the Italians. Hence the sudden Italian descent on Tripoli.

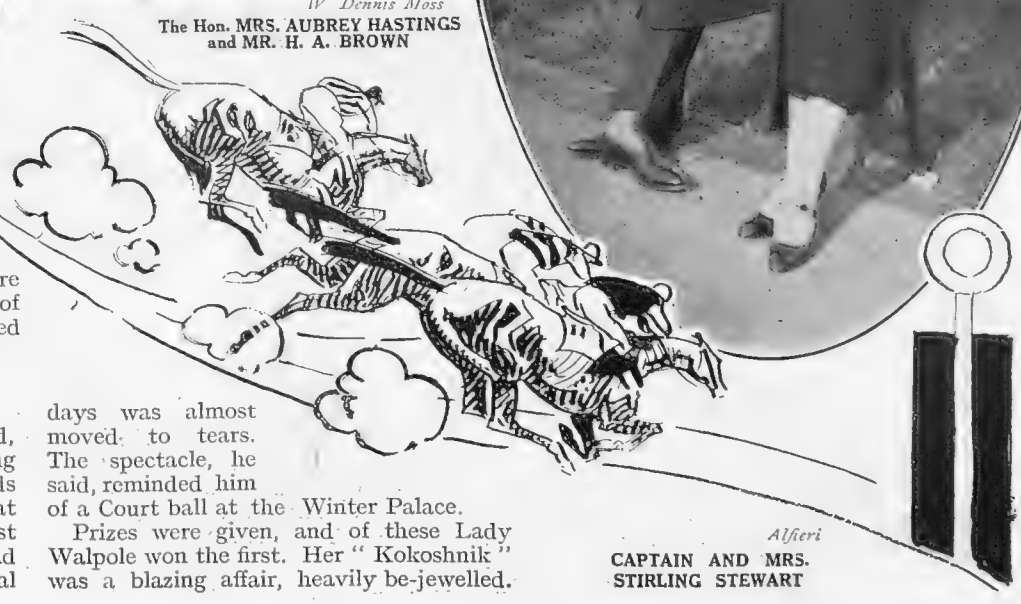


Formerly, all the foreign Embassies had charming summer residences on the Bosphorus, but the British, Russian, French, and Italian ones were all burnt down under circumstances of great mystery just before Germany started the War.

The Russian Ball

THE "Kokoshnik"—an ugly word, by the way, for a most charming feminine adornment, worn on their heads by all the women at the Russian Ball at Claridge's last Tuesday, is the most effective form of head-dress. An old friend of mine who knew Petrograd in its Imperial days was almost moved to tears. The spectacle, he said, reminded him of a Court ball at the Winter Palace.

Prizes were given, and of these Lady Walpole won the first. Her "Kokoshnik" was a blazing affair, heavily be-jewelled.



Alfieri

CAPTAIN AND MRS. STIRLING STEWART

IN ALGIERS *Central Press*

Mr. G. P. Churchill, the new Consul-General at Algiers, and Mrs. Churchill, photographed at their residence, the Villa Darena. Mr. Churchill formerly held office in Persia

My private reflection as I stood looking at all these glittering high-pointed head-dresses—which used to be an essential part of Russian Court attire—was how much more effective they are than tiaras. And the odd thing about them is that they suit every woman, whatever her age or her features. Of course, the long floating veil behind is a help. It hides the shingle.

An Effect of Income Tax

DURING a discussion at dinner the other evening on the double income tax which Americans who have a domicile in this country have to pay—first in the States and again here—one of the company made a startling statement. He said that the double income tax deprived some of the very rich Americans of practically their whole income.

"How do they live, then?" someone asked.

"On capital," was the answer.

The speaker was a man of affairs, and I suppose he made the statement on facts known to himself. At any rate, we all believed him, and when he proceeded to explain we found that for the *richissime* rich to live upon capital is not so ruinous as it sounds.

"Suppose a man has £2,000,000, it will take a hundred years to get through that, living at the rate of £20,000 a year," he said. "There is one family which lives at the rate of £60,000 a year, all of which comes out of capital, but they are so rich that they can go on doing it for exactly one hundred and sixteen years."

This is, of course, taking things as they stand now. The man of affairs himself admitted that repeated death duties here and in America would seriously shorten the period of living on capital. I'm afraid, if we could peep into bank managers' and stock-brokers' books we should find that a good many other people besides rich Americans are living on capital nowadays.

Calves and Dignity

THIS new fashion of short dresses is singularly unfortunate on the stage because, unless an actress has shapely calves and ankles, her legs attract more attention than her acting.

I had two experiences of this last week. One was in a little play in which one of our most brilliant comedy actresses was taking the principal part. It was a most amusing character, and delightfully acted. But I noticed that whenever the actress walked about the stage her points did not "get over" with the same quickness as when she was seated behind a table. She was wearing one of the newest short dresses, which disclosed the fact that the shape of her calves was not commensurate with her talent as an actress.

The other experience was ludicrous. It was in a play given by an amateur society. In one scene the great lady of the neighbourhood had to sweep from the room to show her intense disapproval of an existing situation. The action should have been impressive, and so it would have been if the audience hadn't had the spectacle of two very "ninepin" legs clad in pink silk stockings. It really is immensely difficult for a woman to be dignified in skirts that come only to just below her knees.

TEA-TIME IN EGYPT *Alfieri*

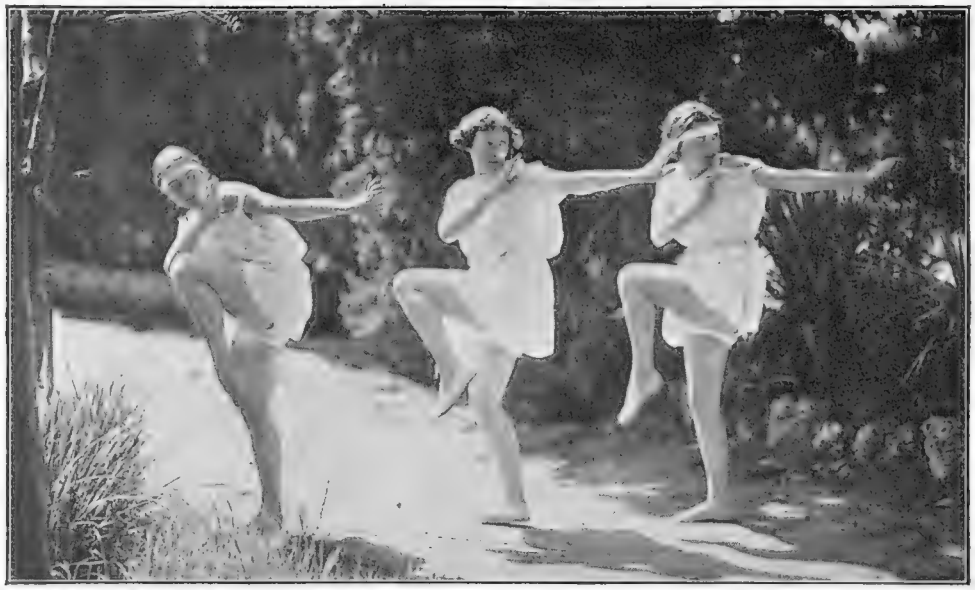
Four visitors to Cairo—and a very English tea-table—photographed at Mena House. The group shows: Miss Graham (left), Miss Sears, Mrs. Sears, and Mrs. Bassett Lowke

A CAIRO ROW *Alfieri*

Miss Vera Dey (left), Mrs. Dey, Miss Margaret Dey, and Flight-Lieutenant V. R. Gibbs, on the terrace of Shepheard's, the world-famous hotel in Cairo

A Fair Way from Pall Mall

Members of the Royal Automobile Club, though always urbane, are not always urban. When the congestion at the big Club in Pall Mall becomes too great, the secretary packs up a few members in a little box (labelled "Fragile, with care"), and sends them off to the R.A.C. Country Golf Club, at Woodcote Park. Here are a few of the prominent ones, sketched, more or less "in the rough," by Miss Phyllis Kermode, on a Saturday-to-Monday visit



SPIRITS OF SPRING *Marc Le Noir*

Pupils of the Vasseur School at work (or is it play?) in a sunny corner of a Riviera garden

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

MONTE CARLO

SURELY the author of "The *Peerless* Riviera" must be Irish! The "poor man's blanket" certainly warms countless peers as well as peasants here "where Light and Beauty dance; where mystery rubs shoulders with Romance." In fact, on this arid, rocky coast, where olives, oranges and lemons replace the milk and cheese of richer soils, the peasants are comparatively few, while the aristocracy and plutocracy of all lands gather in their thousands to the delectable villas and hotels *de luxe* of this fortunate coast. The most exclusive, the gayest and the most lovely specimens of humanity alike flaunt their butterfly wings in the sun here, and get scorched in the electric light of the rooms later on. Here the summer is longest and the Spring borrows all the winter months.

The gaming rooms and the Sporting Club are very full, and such a show of rich dresses has perhaps never been equalled in the evening here, and particularly at the second special Casino ball of the "Jardin Merveilleux," where Mme. Kouznetzoff was starring in Spanish dances.

I have never seen so many motors waiting in all the available streets near the Casino.

MUSIC lovers are more than content this year, though they are spoilt here and therefore quick to grumble. The new opera, *Fay Yen Fah*, by Americans, is a success, though not quite following the usual lines. The ancient Chinese legend is staged exquisitely, and the poppy and peacock ballet is a dream of beauty. The introduction to the third act is lovely, and the large gathering of leading Americans showed very warm appreciation both of the music and the rendering by Fanny Heldy and by M. Maison—a fine tenor, new to Monte Carlo—and the other members of the cast.

AT La Vigie lately, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bennett presented a new American tenor, who is a pupil of M. de Reszké at Nice, who sings as Monsieur Colcaire. He had a great reception, and some of his American admirers rank him as the greatest tenor since Caruso. At Casa del Mare on Sunday, Mr. O'Hagan gave us the famous Monte Carlo string quartette. A few songs were also sung by Miss Mary Lewis, whose exquisite rendering of Mr. Easthope Martin's "Holy Child" was enthusiastically encored. The Casino concerts also rejoiced us with the string quartette, Arthur Rubinstein and other great artists,

'COIN' RACIN' *Sport and General*

Sir Robert Wilmot, Mr. Reid Walker, Mrs. Molyneux-Seel and Mr. Partridge at the Cannes races

and the Hereditary Princess at Monaco has again given a musical afternoon reception. We have also had the Ukraine choir of twenty-five musicians singing wonderful sacred music in the cathedral of Monaco.

THE big tennis weeks here and at Mentone were more or less spoilt by the rain, though some fine matches were fought for the Butler Trophy for Men's International Doubles. Commodore Louis D. Beaumont, who has an apartment at the Park Palace, is offering trophies for Ladies' Doubles next year at the Monte Carlo championships in which the pairs must also be of the same nationality. An interesting dinner was given to Mr. George M. Simond to celebrate his twenty-one years of work as a lawn tennis referee on the Riviera. He has seen a very few courts increase to over a hundred at Cannes. He was presented with a very handsome gift by a number of his admirers who included the Duke of Connaught. George's friends on the Riviera and elsewhere would form an imposing army of the best sportsmen of many countries.

Sport and General

THE RACE GAME

Lord Glanely and Mrs. Arthur Holbrook at the Cannes Races

THE Royalty Bar, so pleasantly situated on the terrace of the Park Palace overlooking the Casino Gardens, has in one year become an institution here, and a centre of fashion at the cocktail hours. The tables outside are crowded, and the fame of the concoctions is justly recognised by passing visitors from San Remo to Cannes. Some of the tenants in the Park Palace, who objected at first to a bar there are now very fervent converts to the popular

AT MENTONE *C. N. Daly*

Mrs. Lycett (left) and Miss Ridley who played together in the Mentone tournament. They were beaten by Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan—a truly formidable combination—in the third round

Park Palace Pub, or better known P. P. P.! Harry Pilcer and his girl dancing partners are popular at the very crowded Carlton Restaurant.

I hear the Egerton Villa, with its lovely garden, has at last been sold for £15,000 to Mr. Sassoon Benjamin—the present tenant.

IN lovely weather the BYSTANDER Cups for mixed foursomes were won on February 28 from a large entry by Captain George Wilder (5)—a very long driver—and the Hon. Mrs. Bob Beresford (10), who is now one of the assistant secretaries at Mont Agel. Other large entries were received for the Monte Carlo Palace Hotel prizes, and for those given by the Hereditary Princess Charlotte for ladies, and by her Consort—Prince Pierre—for men.

MR. GUY HOGG—as British Vice-Consul—is starting a very necessary fund for the relief of British subjects in distress, which will be admirably administered by himself, assisted by Dr. Price Mitchell, who has been thirty-seven years here (he aided deserving cases materially in the past with the help of friends), and by Mr. Albert Chun, the manager of Barclay's Bank, where subscriptions will be deposited. An account of the intromissions will be sent to all subscribers at the end of each year.

AMONG recent arrivals at the Metropole are Sir John Rutherford, Sir Stanford London, Hon. Mrs. Bertie, Sir Dugald and Lady Clerk, Sir Algernon and Lady Firth, Brig.-General and Mrs. Maxwell, Baron E. Mittag, Sir John and Lady Horsfall, Sir Frederic and Lady Mills, Lady Gertrude Hepburn.

AT the Paris, in the famous Salle Empire, among the entertainers have been recently Mrs. Alastair Cameron, Sir William and Lady Yarmouth Jones, Mr. Frank Dutton, Sir Sidney Greville, Count Batthyany, Sir Rupert Clarke, Colonel and Mrs. Drake, Lady McCarthy, Duc and Duchesse de Talleyrand, Sir Pomeroy Burton, Sir West Ridgeway, Sir Robert Wilmot, Mme. de Bittencourt, Mr. Howard Gould, Sir William and Lady Graham, Comte and Comtesse Hector de Bearn, Mrs. Ruthven Pratt, Mr. Max Dearly, Lady Sholto Douglas, Sir Henry and Lady Rothband, Colonel and Mrs. Porges, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Butler, Sir John and Lady Ward, Count and Countess de Perigny, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Macomber, Lady Waterlow, Lieut.-General Sir John and Lady du Cane, Lord and Lady Inchcape, Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, Mr. Tyler Morse, Mr. and Mrs. James Crichton, Sir Charles Mandleberg, Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly, Baron Hugo de Pallandt.

There was some interesting golf the other day at the Hyères Golf Club when the mixed foursomes for BYSTANDER Cups was played off. Forty-two pairs entered, the winners being Mrs. Macdonald and Mr. F. Barry (88—17½), the runners-up, Miss P. Garfit and Mr. A. E. H. Killick (87—13½).

C. N. Daly

"BUTLER" BATTLERS

E. T. Lamb (left) and Randolph Lycett who were partners for the "Butler Trophy" in the Monte Carlo Tournament. They were beaten by the Spanish pair, H. L. de Morpurgo and P. Gaslini

A GAY GROUP *E. Navello*

Miss Mary Gay (left), Harry Pilcer, and Miss Christine Gay. The trio have recently been dancing at the Carlton Hotel at Monte Carlo

IN THE DOUBLES *C. N. Daly*

Miss C. Hardie and Miss M. Blake, who played together in the Mentone Tournament. They lost to those two veterans, Mrs. Beamish and Mrs. Satterthwaite, in the third round

E. Navello

SITTING—BUT NOT ON THE "FENCE"

Mr. Stenson Cooke (left) the well-known amateur fencer, enjoying a little Riviera sunshine with Mr. and Mrs. Welman. Mr. Cooke is the secretary of the Automobile Association

RUGGER RAGGINGS

SOLILOQUY OF A SUBALTERN

By "PENDARVES" *Sketches by RIP*

Don't much care whether "it ain't gonna rain no mo'" or not. Am going to see the Army *v.* Navy match at Twickenham. Am going to play golf to-morrow, and have got a week's leave from Monday. What is more, am going to be driven down by *extremely* beautiful lady in her "Do-Da-Day" car. Life is very sweet—she more so. Question immediately before the house is how I can wangle things so that I sit in front? But she seems *rather* fond of Bertie, so am afraid nothing doing. Shall probably dislike him intensely before day is out. Always the way. . . .

Not perfectly certain good thing to go to big footer match with lovely lady; means starting late, of course. . . . Good lord! she *can* drive. Wish we had front-wheel brakes, though. Suppose it's all right? Doubt it. . . . Complete stoppage of all traffic in Hammersmith. Damn. Crowds of cars all round ours, full of men with Navy ties. Wish they'd keep their eyes in the boat. Hope they will lose match. Have good mind to

There Are Other Famous Passes Besides ——

lean overboard and tell that obvious Paymaster in the stink-bomb car that her name is Maisie if he *really* wants to know, and that she belongs to *us* for ever and ever. Better not have fracas, though. But hope they lose by 20 points.

She knows the short cut to Twickenham. A perfect lady, and lovely withal. . . . She says she is going to "let the car out now." . . . Am not liking her quite so much . . . hope feeling will pass. Nothing else passes—just as well, perhaps. We arrive—a few minutes late only, it seems. Would like to say "Atta-baby" to her, but don't like possessive look in B.'s eye. Must leave her now and sit all alone in East Stand—infernal shame; couple of dirty dogs, these other two fellers—all the luck.

Game well in progress, of course, but it was worth while being a bit late, and they haven't scored yet, anyhow. Delightful to see the old firm of Davies and Kershaw doing business again. Wonder how the former got round the Brass Hats to let him turn out; and what his wife had to say about it? See by programme they have promoted Luddington and that he is now a Master-at-Arms—heaven help the Devonport drunks. . . . Only ten past three and a try for the Navy by "Steve," and a lovely goal kicked by Forrest. 5—0 and the Army bandsmen shaking what look like tears out of brass instruments in the corner. . . . See that one-third of Navy side is recruited from H.M.S. *Excellent*. This must be *the* Rugger ship. Yet thought somebody told me when these fellows came to Blackheath they were appallingly bad. P'raps I'm thinking of some other ship—the *Excelsior*, maybe—my memory's rotten.

Dear old Constructional-Lieutenant-Commander W. J. A. Davies, O.B.E., takes both feet out of grave to gallop away all by his lonesome and score a perfect try. Lovely to see him doing it. Two old gents on my left wipe rheumy eyes and say it reminds them of that try he scored in this same match in '87. If these Army coves think they can leave this octogenarian officer unmarked while they attend to his middle-aged confederate, Kershaw, they will lose their reputations and my money.

Fearful crowd here to-day, almost an international assembly. Rugby Union must be coining money. West Stand practically full. This means Maisie is wedged very close between Bertie and John, while I freeze over on this side. Beastly unfair! And they're both married men, too—dreadful!

This Army scrum-half, Guardsman Powell, seems to have taken Kershaw's measure. He flings his passes out in true Welsh fashion—a bit blind, but they get there. Hope the Selection Committee are taking due note of his exceptional skill. A try to the Army, *that's* more like it. Don't quite know like what, but a couple of thousand people have just said it, so it must be true.

8—3 at half-time—and then the band plays. Can't make out how band of the 1st Battalion The King's Regiment got in here with Kneller Hall and all that opposition just round the corner? Oh, I *see*. Aslett, the skipper of the Army side, is in this Battalion—well, well! Fine players, this band. They go full out all round ground. Their three-quarters show up prominently when rounding the corners. Nice turn of speed. . . . Wonder if we may get on with game. Could somebody ask Aslett, very politely? Notice while learning programme by heart during interval for "sweete musicke," that Army touch judge has got a C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and an R.A.—stout fellow!

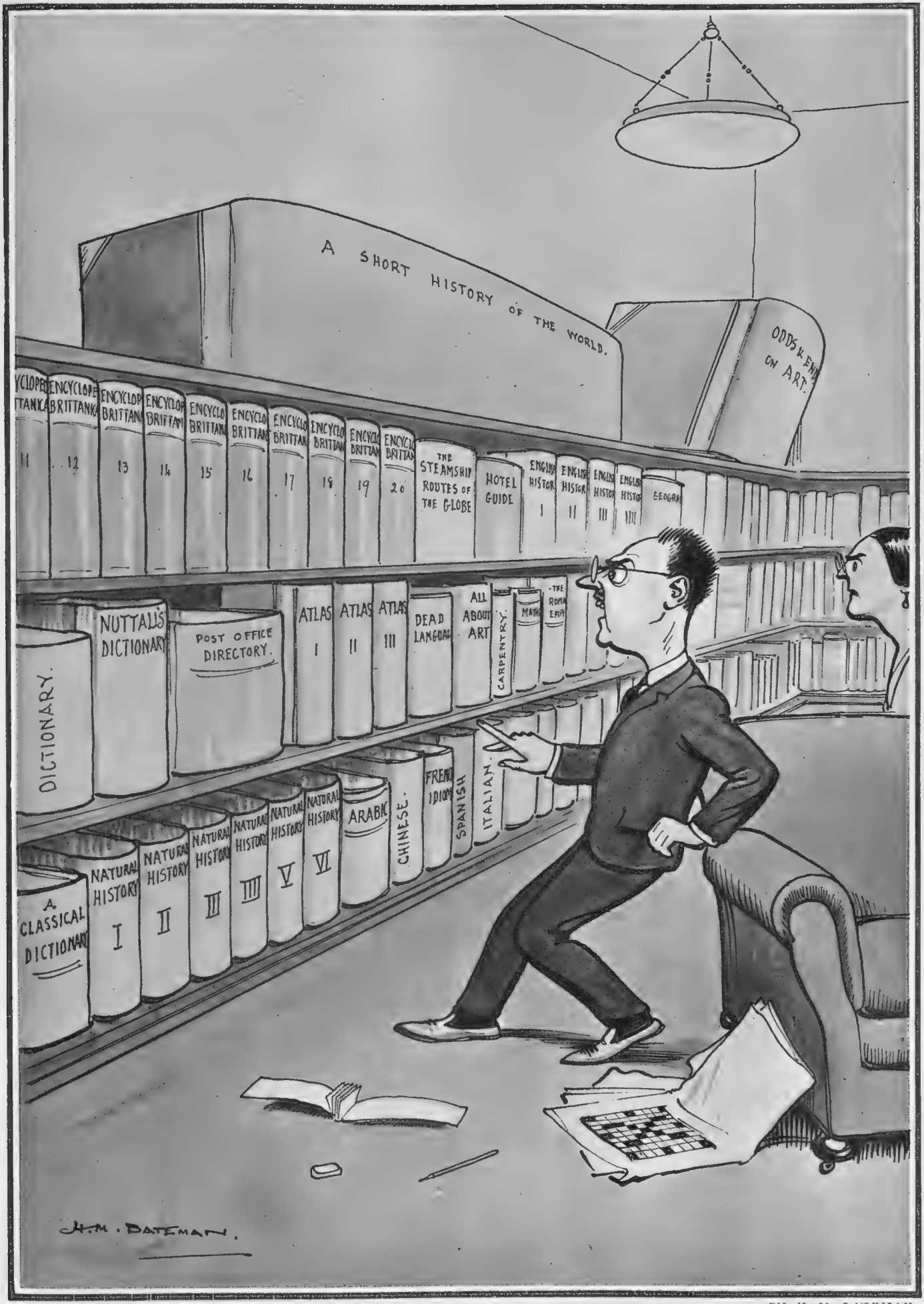
Isn't there a song, something about "the Army keeps on droppin' them"? Must have been composed by one of their centre three-quarters. Owing to a really *superb* goal kicked by the Welsh Guardsman (Selection Committee, please note) the score is now 8 all. *My aunt!*

Both sides now increase pace and fury of the game by at least one-third. Our Service men, of course, have to lead a very chaste life to have all this reserve of horse-power available. See now how it was we won the war—"the little more, how much it is," and all that.

—— That Much Discussed One of Thermopylæ!

Quite. Matters getting really *too* exciting for a highly strung man. Either side may win now, at any moment. Can't for the life of me remember which side I backed at the Old Comrades dinner last night. Hope it was the Ar . . . Navy. Phew! Green has got in for a winning try for Army in last two minutes . . . don't suppose the chap I made the bet with will remember, either. Wonder who he was, by the way?

All over. Oughtn't they to bring out the bath chair for Davies? Just heard a man coming down the stairs and looking like a Brig.-Gen.—[Ed.—Army term for Brigadier-General]—say the game was "a clash of arms, by gad." So it was, But there are other kinds of arms. . . . Let's see, now, where *is* Maisie's car?



BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE MISSING LINK

The WINTER SPORT of PRINCES'

By BERTRAM L'ASHEZ

"Percy Athos and Bella Avalon do 'a little' skating at the New Princes' Frivolities" [*Lewis*

"THE whole art of modern ballroom dancing," I said, adjusting my white tie with that delicate touch that one is wont to apply to butterflies' wings, "is to achieve a skating effect. Now I——"

"Yes, you've told me that before." Penelope is apt to be a little fractious when it is past her feeding time. "You have not yet decided where we are to go. There's a new cabaret at Princes' and——"

"And a £10,000 ebony rink—I mean floor—that's worth twenty-one bobsleigh any night," I added, recklessly. "Come along while the going's good. . . ."

"ACHTUNG!" I cried, as our taxi ski-ed across Piccadilly to Princes'. "Now for the poetry of motion."

"Grace *after* meat," said Penelope. She has an artistic temperament, poor dear. "There's an empty table with three waiters all wearing the white shirts of a blameless life."

"Now you see what I mean by a skating effect," I explained, after a course or two of strict dieting, and £10,000 worth of dancing to aid digestion. "Unfortunately, there are a number of other people who have also been struck by Today's Great Thought. With a crowded floor like this it is quite impossible to achieve that long gliding effect. But you can easily imagine that this is Switzerland and——"

"Ssh!" said Penelope, sternly. "The cabaret!"

TWELVE charming ladies, clothed most becomingly, if somewhat scantily for Switzerland, danced gaily down from the stage.

"Look, Penelope, how their legs glisten with snow," I whispered.

"Powder, fool!" said Penelope, shortly.

"Sorry, powdery snow," I repeated. "You see they can't wear silk stockings, because if you'd only read your Swiss guide-books you'd know that silk is quite unsuitable when there is snow about—Oh, well played, sir—miss, I mean!" Twelve little white capes had descended smartly from twelve pairs of graceful white shoulders, revealing a set of golden organ pipes on each back. Twelve little wooden hammers were produced from twelve white felt hats, and the hat band started to play.

"CAN'T you just hear the sound of sleigh bells on the ice?" I whispered. Penelope's reply was drowned in the applause of hundreds of tiny mallets—provided by a thoughtful management for smashing the crockery. . . .

The powder blue curtains closed on our twelve little sextonesses, and went up again to reveal five solemn gentlemen in evening dress armed with Father Saxophone, Mother Saxophone, and all the little baby Saxophones.

"Ah! The Athos Beauties!" I exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"Look at your programme," said Penelope, coldly.

"Spanish ladies' dresses and hats," I read, "hand-dyed and embroidered by——Oh! Wrong place. Sorry. Swain's Saxo Five. I suppose the little one is a Saxo baby?"

"Be quiet. Here's Baby Phillips and Fred Dixon. They're going to do 'My Baby Waltz.' The cut of that skirt is just too sweet." Penelope began to get enthusiastic.

"Sort of cut-away skirt," I mused. "They say all babies must learn to waltz before they can run. Good heavens! He *is* throwing her about. She'll be sick in a minute if he turns her upside-down again."

"OH, look!" cried Penelope, clapping my hands with delight, "they are bringing a bed on to the floor. That's quite the most original idea I've seen in cabaret. It's little Doris Bransgrove. Just look at her cute green pyjamas."

"Penelope," I said, severely, withdrawing my hands, "is this why they call them night clubs? French farces, one was wont to suppose, used to have the monopoly of bedroom scenes. . . ." And then they carried Miss Doris off triumphant, bed, blankets, hot-water bottle, Uncle Tom Cobbley and all.

"Now," said Penelope, "you must pay attention if your are going to report this for the Press. The next turn is Mademoiselle Terpsichore. You wouldn't know it, but she is a dancer. Ah! Here she is."

I saw a wonderful vision of shimmering green stocking, and an ostrich feather frock of sea-green floating in the limelight. I saw some amazing turns and whirls, telemarks and back somersaults and cartwheels done almost unbelievably near to the time of a slow-motion film. And all with a grace and delicacy that brought the house down—or would have had it been built by Wren. Such was Terpsichore. I don't care who knows it. And I don't care if her name rhymes with chichoree or encore.

"NUMBER 16. Percy Athos and Bella Avalon. A little skating," I read on my programme. (Constant practice at the pictures has made my reading very fluent.) "Now, Penelope, you'll see what I mean by the skating effect of the modern dance. These two will have the floor to themselves and they'll be able to do what I could have done had some of London's surplus population stuck to their cross-word puzzles instead of dancing at the same time as——"

"Silly!" said Penelope, with considerable restraint, I thought. "It's to be *real* skating. Don't you, as a journalist—a poor thing but our own—know that Mr. Athos, besides producing this, the most artistic cabaret in Town, is a champion trick skater?"

"I thought he was one of the Three Musketeers," I replied, wittily. "Sorry. Look! They are bringing in the scenic railway or the Giant Racer, or something," I added, as some more energetic porters emerged from their burrows, or wherever porters go in the winter time, carrying planks and platforms and *teleferica* things.

"THIS is going to be thrilling," said Penelope, settling herself as must have done thousands of her charming sex before the gladiatorial contests of ancient Rome.

It was! First came the dainty lady with the pretty name. If the old waltz song didn't say, "I've Lost My Heart to Avalon," it ought to have! She was dressed in the dinkiest of black and silver frocks, cut low in the lungs, and of that attenuated length that has been found by practice to be the best for displays of—skating. She wore the neatest of silver brocade—well—of silver brocade. And a pair of silver roller skates. She step-danced; she got on the points of her toes; she pirouetted and leaped. And then, having seen that the floor was sufficiently thick to bear a considerable weight, Mr. Athos rolled up. They waltzed. It was the true poetry of

By Helen McKie

SOME CABARET IMPRESSIONS AT THE NEW PRINCES' RESTAURANT

motion at last! And then they gave each other quite a turn—and us. Faster and faster. Round and round. (Seconds out of the ring.) And then Mr. Athos, just to show that it was no use discussing any matters of gravity at a cabaret, picked Miss Avalon up gingerly by one ankle and one wrist, and began to whirl again—the sort of thing that many acrobatic dancers would give the soles of their dancing shoes (even if they dance barefooted) to be able to do without skates. After that Miss Avalon somehow managed to get both her skates in a sort of half-Nelson around her partner's neck. And still he spun! I mopped my brow, and what was left in the glass.

Then, when Miss Avalon had once more assumed an upright position of normal equilibrium, Mr. Athos began again. Starting from the stage, he came down the Cresta Run at break-neck speed (only it didn't), and, by a loop-the-loop principle, mounted on to a see-saw plank that seemed to have been raised much too high for messing about on. From it he descended to earth at the most alarming angles, forwards, backwards, sideways, or leaping like those fellows on skis with black suits and engine drivers' caps, whose pictures you see in The Bystander. It was a breathless affair.

"Penelope," I said, later, "with the modern popularity of dancing and our crowded ballrooms, I think the new style of fox-trot with its short jerky steps is just the thing, don't you?"

Penelope smiled and closed her eyes. (Of course she has nice eyelashes.)

"Yes," she replied. "The skating effect is best achieved—on skates. There are many kinds of poetry of motion, O Sheik. Yours is blank verse."

I didn't mind. Princes', after all, is the place for winter "Sports."

Bertram L'Ashez

Motley Musings

THE weather is continuing its big Spring offensive.

. . . . .

YET at this time of the year, we, like the daffodils, are supposed to come up smiling.

. . . . .

AT the moment of writing, asparagus is still expensive, and strawberries cost forty shillings per pound; while the man who clamours for "peas at any price" will have to pay for the privilege.

. . . .

"WE look in vain to-day for the advent of new poets," says a contemporary. Evidently, poets are not in vein to-day.

. . . .

SMALL, tight-fitting caps are now being worn by ladies on the links. We shall hear a lot more about these Spring handy caps.

. . .

There is an old lady of Minster,
Who seems a respectable spinster:
But when Spring comes along,
She will burst into song:
And the words would make Elinor Glyn stir.

. . . .

JONES was relating what might have been a tragedy. "It was a long, black hair," quoth he, "that my wife found on my coat, and for a moment my whole life's happiness hung by a shingle thread."

AT a recent inquest held on a man at Bradford, it transpired that the deceased had lived alone with his wife for forty years. The jury returned a verdict of Death from Natural Causes.

. . . . .

DID not Miss Gertie Millar once sing something like the following in the old Gaiety days?

Keep on the Parth! Keep on the Parth!
Mind you attend to my warning;
Back, as you please,
Other good gees:
But keep on the Parth on that morning!

. . . . .

A SMALL Northern town is organising a pageant to take place in the Spring. It is rumoured that nothing approaching it will be seen this year at Wembley.

. . . . .

"CHESS and draughts are still played at our ancient Universities," says a daily paper. Still, that doesn't account for the Oxford man's frequent allusions to his Halma Mater.

THE inventor of the cross-word puzzle has been discovered. Next week we shall publish full details of the proceedings at the inquest.

. . . . .

A LADY, who is playing at the Ambassadors Theatre, is described as being Irish "to her finger-tips." We should have said "to her brogues."

. . . . .

A YOUNG rascal in a certain Essex parish was recently caught carving his name on a pew. The damage seems to have been done by the knave of the church.

. . . . .

"WHY is it," writes a wine-lover, "that we hear so little nowadays of the famous Hermitage port?" Ah——!

Stone ginger don't a beverage make,
Nor iron Barsac age;
Minds in no sort of sense mistake
These for a Hermitage!

. . . . .

TWO Association footballers, sent off the field for rough play, were found by their respective trainers drinking each other's healths in the dressing-room. There were no "heel-taps" on that occasion.

. . . . .

"COULD the prisoner walk straight?" enquired the magistrate.

"No, sir, his feet were circumstances over which he had no control!" answered the constable.

. . . . .

CERTAIN people are still in favour of increasing the number of women policemen. Usually we can ill-afford to spare a few coppers, but in this case we can.

. . . . .

When your carpets begin to look fusty,
And your curtains look terribly musty,
If you want exercise
For arms, hands, legs and thighs,
Try beating 'em — 'tisn't so dusty!

. . . . .

"DOUBLE chins are no use to any woman," writes a beauty specialist. Unless, of course, she can use one of 'em as an ash-tray.

. . . . .

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: Yes, Betty, up to Easter, you may be allowed to live a fast life.

HARTLEY CARRICK

THE PROTEAN ACT — BY BATCHELOR

CUSTOMER: "I want a frock in the very latest style"
MODISTE: "Certainly. Please be seated a moment; the fashion is just changing"

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PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Paris used to be so *accueillant*"

MES AMIS—

THERE used to be a favourite jest at the expense of various rather forlorn towns in merrie (or should it be murky?) England—I remember in particular Sheffield, Newcastle and Birmingham—that they were very fine places to get out of. One begins to have the suspicion that somebody here has not only the impression that Paris is a very fine place to get out of, and that facilities to that end shall be introduced with un-Parisian celerity, but also that Paris shall be made an undesirable place to get into.

WHAT is it all about, Theophraste? What is this new spirit that pervades? Paris used to be so *accueillant*. Why should these products of melancholia set themselves to be as awkward as possible to people who knew Paris as it used to be; who wish to come again and again and find it the gay and leisurely city of their memories?

WE know that France and Paris are in need of money, milliards of it. But there are other ways of obtaining it besides taxing visitors. And it is not alone this question of having to pay for coming to spend money in your shops, hotels and restaurants, but also the manner of the paying, for there are few tourists who will bear a second time the sorrows of struggling for a couple of days to find some official in the catacombs of your Prefecture who will condescend to collect the visiting tax. It was rushed through on a night when the Deputies were very sleepy, after an all-night sitting, by a politician with the appetising name of Paté. Not *Pâté de foie gras*. But it would look as if he had a bad liver all the same.

THEN there is this earth-shaking innovation at the *octroi*. Everyone had come to have a reverential interest in that survival of a bygone age by which it required five minutes to get one's car through the gates of Paris. You pulled up where you could find room, got out and informed a venerable gentleman that you had fifteen litres of petrol in your tank and waited his good pleasure for the writing of a certificate of that fact. And on returning you waited until you could find one of his colleagues who would accept that certificate and say, "Pass, *citoyen*."

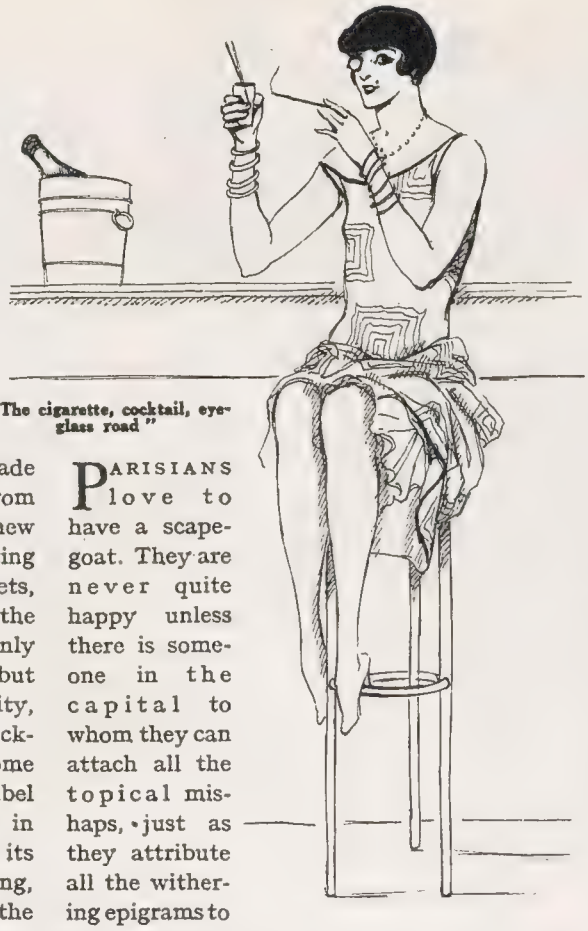
IT may have been irritating sometimes to lose ten minutes when you were in a hurry, but you had the sentiment that you were maintaining a link with the ages. And besides, those greybeards were such comfortable old fellows. You felt they might have jested with Pilate on "What is time?" I recall a motorist friend who thought they were the most sympathetic officials he had ever encountered. "Every time I come through Porte Maillot," he told me, "one of those loving old johnnies inquires, '*Pas d'accident?*' and I reply, 'Oh no, *merci*; very good journey, thank you,' and I feel always that I ought to get down and give him five francs for showing such solicitude." It was not until many months had passed that some shatterer of illusions told the motorist that what the official was asking was, "*Pas d'excédent?*"

"Who will condescend to collect the visiting tax"

AND now there is a distressingly efficient system under which an unseen individual pushes a bulletin at you from the window of a cubicle while you travel on slow speed. This haste to get you outside the gates does not appear at all seemly. Who wants Paris to be New York? We are being driven off the boulevards by banks.

Where shall we be able to linger awhile if automobiles are allowed to pass through the gates, unhalting, with the swiftness of pedestrians?

LITTLE wonder that the *demoiselles* are directing *la Mode* on lines in keeping with the speed-lust. To the sacrifice of distinctive charm. At Auteuil on Sunday I had the feeling that the meeting had, for some reason, been abandoned to the men, until it became evident that Parisiennes had adopted a fashion which made it difficult to distinguish them from their husbands or brothers. The new "Garçonne" coat, in light, sporting tweeds, with roomy side pockets, cut in strict tailor-made style, with the regulation slit up the back, is certainly smart in the masculine sense; but it is another step away from femininity, another pace along the cigarette, cocktail, eye-glass road that may suit some cities but does not fit Paris. Abel Faivre had a cartoon this week in which a baby in the lap addressed its mother, monocled and cigarette puffing, as "*Père*." These really must be the most difficult days for even the most discerning of babies.



"The cigarette, cocktail, eye-glass road"

PARISIANS love to have a scapegoat. They are never quite happy unless there is someone in the capital to whom they can attach all the topical mishaps, just as they attribute all the withering epigrams to M. Clemenceau and the Latin puns to M. Léon Berard. After a dull period without a scapegoat, it has been decided to fix on a woman, Mme. Krassin, wife of the Soviet's elegant Ambassador. Whenever there is a hitch or *contretemps* in a social function it is put to the count of poor Mme. Krassin, although she may have been miles away.

SO much so, that from the title *Madame l'Ambassadrice* has been coined the nickname *Madame l'Embarrassadrice*. The other night the *habitués* of one of the best-known *dancings* were shaken out of their *ennui* by the strains of a polka, which the orchestra attacked without warning. Commanded to account for this disturbing innovation, the *chef d'orchestre* said it was done at the request of a distinguished client, who wished to dance once before leaving, but was unfamiliar with the modern dances. Immediately the client became Mme. Krassin. She will never be able to get away from her shadow, which will probably grow longer and more grotesque.

STORIES must be tacked on to someone. But that was rather an over-bold one about the Queen of the Belgians having her hair shingled. The Parisian writer who perpetrated it, speculated on the generation of to-day possessing the flimsiest acquaintance, if any, with French history. You remember that it was based very largely on a remark attributed to the Belgian Queen, in response to the anti-shingling protests of her Ladies-in-Waiting, "Mesdames, I fear that your hair is longer than your ideas."

BUT that stinging rejoinder was made by another queen—a French queen. Which means that it was quite a long while ago. They do this "attaching" of anecdotes with astonishing freedom in France. M. Briand spends half his life in disclaiming barbed shafts that are blamed on him.

YET it is to be hoped that he does not deny the explanations of a husband-Deputy, who, when asked by his wife in the Lobby why it had been so difficult to find him when he was supposed to be on duty at the all-night sitting, answered, "I was in private conference with Briand, about the next Ministry—in which he wishes me to take a portfolio." It was too spontaneously excellent to be spoiled by statements of fact.

RENÉ

"The meeting had been abandoned to the men"

PARIS RESTAURANTS

WE learn that Monsieur Cathélin, the proprietor of the popular Restaurant Beaugé in Paris (described, it will be remembered, in our series of "Paris Night Lights" last year) has acquired the Restaurant Lapré and the Tour D'Argent. Monsieur Cathélin's son has been appointed manager of the Lapré, and we wish him the best of luck in his venture.

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

A KIMONO CAMEO

When silken charm from old Japan
Enfolds a dainty English miss,
We don't *declare with* blasê *air,*
"I do not care a 'wrap' for this"—B. V. W.

CELUI QUI NE M

BY JEAN HARDY

MANQUE JAMAIS !

Our Lester Selections

BY HYNES

Some impressions of Alfred Lester, who romps home an easy winner in the "Punch Bowl" Stakes at the Duke of York's Theatre nightly meeting, which is ***not*** a "flat" event!

FIVE OF THE BEST

The Irishman's Mecca

No. 2

By The Errant Golfer.

Illustrated by CUNINGHAM

THE Newcastle County Down Golf Club is aptly named "The Irishman's Mecca," because it is a place of excursion and pilgrimage for golfers from all over that warlike country, and for many Englishmen, too.

There are few more amusing, and at the same time instructive, ways of spending a golfing Easter, for example, than at the foot of the beautiful Slieve Donard Mountain, which dominates the golf, the landscape, your particular game, and the general situation hereabouts.

It is a popular fallacy, though happily a decreasing one, to suppose that a holiday in Ireland is synonymous with battle, murder and sudden death. I have heard people say quite seriously: "Golf in Ireland? Don't be silly, old chap. I don't want to be shot in the back *just* yet." And, by the way, you must not refer to Newcastle Co. Down as being "in Ireland," either. They are quite hurt over there if you do. "Ulster," if you please—or "Northern Ireland," as (bitterly) opposed to "The Irish Free State," but Ireland, no. This is as much a solecism in these days of political enlightenment as to refer to a hunting-man's coat as "red." It is true on arriving in Belfast in the morning off the very comfortable boat, and stretching your legs in the city before the train leaves, you will see what appear to you an inordinate amount of green-uniformed policemen dashing about in motor lorries, with business-like revolvers stuck in their belts. But I imagine this must be merely "*pour encourager les autres.*" Anyway, I never heard a shot fired the whole time I was over there last summer, and was frankly disappointed, as were a good many Irishmen, too, I understood. Neither will you

Commend me to the way they stamped out promiscuous murder in Ulster. You would be shopping peacefully in, say, the Oxford Street of the city. Suddenly a section of the street would be cut off, closed by squads of police. Thereupon every person in it, irrespective of class or creed, would be searched. If a revolver was found upon you, and you had no licence to carry one, there followed a pleasant little thing with nine leather tails, called "the cat." . . . An Ulsterman told me this one day as we walked from green to tee on the golf course, and gave me further details. He won the next hole.

I got one back at the next, however, by asking him as we approached the green whether one pronounced it "Shin Fane" or "Sin Fine"? He and both caddies were dreadfully shocked. You do not mention this phrase in Ulster polite society nowadays. It isn't done.

It is curious at Newcastle how quiet and deserted the incomparable golf course is during the week, and how the invasion sets in at the week-end. You stroll through the Slieve Donard Hotel garden—nobody stays anywhere else—day after peaceful day, revelling in the solitude of the holes, each of which are a constant joy to battle with. Some time about noon on Saturday, or it may even be on Friday evening, a special train arrives from Dublin, and another from Belfast, and hordes of men appear about the place whom you have never seen before. The clubhouse becomes crowded, and presently the wastes of the links swallow them up. Long tables appear in the hotel dining-room, presently to be filled by golfing parties of twenty (how I should loathe this form of week-end amusement),

"Do you pronounce it 'Shin Fane' or 'Sin Fine'?"

you see snug fires burning in what have been hitherto empty private sitting-rooms, and sideboards weighted with the—er—necessities of life, from behind the closed doors of which proceed sounds of revelry by night.

I and a friend of mine, staying for the first time at the Slieve Donard, fought rather shy of the invading hordes the first night or so of a memorable week-end. We were not sure what political views

we were expected to hold, and we felt that "the Irish Question," upon which we did hold a decided opinion, might embroil us in some awkwardness with these charming people. But our splendid isolation in a dim corner of the hotel lounge after dinner met with its deserts.

At about 9.25 p.m. my friend wanted a large whisky and a small soda, and said so. The waiter looked pained and shook a negative head. No drinks in Ulster after 9 p.m. A bitter blow. If you are in a private sitting-room you are, apparently, within the law. If in a public lounge you are, so to speak, "out of bounds."

Obviously the thing to do was to insinuate oneself into one of the house-parties. This manœuvring, I am ashamed to say, took the two of us until Sunday night—and cost me two golf balls.

But to return to the legitimate golf. I always think Newcastle is the best golf in Ireland. The golf is regal in character. It has the grand manner. It is very dignified and important in so far as you can't take liberties with it, especially with your tee shot. You must *place* your drive. More important is this here than on any other links I know. But having done so, what a delight the second shot is, possibly with the driver, for you will often have a lie warranting the use of that club again. As for the greens, it suffices to say that all last summer, in spite of the awful weather, they never had a roller on any of them; there was no need.

"When men do this they prattle about it"

They have a hole here round which tremendous controversy has raged. The eighth (300 yards)—totally blind in both eyes. I have always played it badly, and I always lose it dearly. The tee is on the lowest level of the course. All you can see ahead is another hill sloping gently upwards. Upon this you drive your ball, "plonk." Arrived at it, your second is also blind. The green is in a deep valley beyond. People say your approach shot should never be blind. But as Miss Cecil Leitch remarked tritely when she first saw it, "Walk to the brow of the hill and look over the edge." The green twinkles below.

Lovely for the man who can flick his mashie shot straight and high into the air to find the ball on the middle of the lovely green thereafter. When men do this they subsequently prattle about it *ad nauseam*. At least, that is the tendency. I am not surprised when they do. It is a wonderful thing when you negotiate a course's most pernickety hole with skill and aplomb. But a fearful thing for the man who happens to be standing next to you in the bar at the 19th hole. He grins and bears it, and lets you pay. You love paying on those occasions, now don't you? Be honest.

NEXT WEEK—

No. III. TROON

Stage Photo Co.

A LITTLE HUSBAND WORSHIP

Miss Madge Titheradge as Denise Sorbier admiringly drinking in the words of wisdom that flow from the lips of her lawyer-husband, Maurice. Meanwhile, the good-natured Felix Roget (Lawrence Grossmith) busily registers polite sartorial preoccupation, and Marianne the vamp (Miss Jane Wood) ceases from vamping—*pro. tem.*

A MODERN "ROUND" GAME

By J. A. Beale

"I want to look at some evening frocks—something really smart and fashionable"
"Certainly, moddom. Would moddom like one that's too short, or one that's too tight?"

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

By J. A. Beale

"My dear boy, it's quite simple; if we stop at one hotel all the time I'll want at least fourteen new frocks. If we have a car and only stop one day in each place, I can manage with one"

KATJA THE DANCER AT THE GAIETY

Produced on February 21, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

ONE of the most effective of the songs in this dainty production is about Leander, who is not to be confused with the gentleman of old "who nightly swam the Hellespont to go and meet his dear." The Leander in this case is the private secretary of Count Orpitch of Nowhere in Particular, and he is in love with the Count's daughter, Patricia. Thus do we see the beginnings of romance, though there is another and fiercer romance in the piece. Leander and Patricia treat their subject in the form of a duet, and you get the idea that the writer of the lyric must have used up a whole rhyming dictionary, and then some. He has even worked in "monkey-glander" as one of the rhymes to the historical name, so that the song is quite up-to-date. The tune is so easy and so lilting that it is received with transports of joy, and is even favoured with a "reprise" in the next act so that those who have had time to memorise it in the interval can hum their own accompaniment. A young man sitting near me did this quite thoroughly, leaving me to wonder whether the law is not a little too particular as to what constitutes justifiable homicide.

GENE GERRARD ACCOMPANIED BY IVY TRESMAND MAKES A PROTEST

KATJA is really a Princess in disguise. The atmosphere of the play suggests that she formerly lived in Russia. When we meet her for the first time she is at the palace of Count Orpitch with her dancing partner, a prince travelling under the simple name of Ivo. Not an "off" or an "itch" about him. It seems that the prince and princess have been turned down from their high estate by a usurper named Prince Carl, who, as it happens, is also on a visit to the Count's palace. Prince Carl does not, of course, recognise Katja. Indeed, so little importance does he attach to the possibility of her high degree that the two have no sooner met than he invites her to come to his rooms for supper. Being a professional dancer he takes it for granted that she is not living with mother now.

ON this theme, Carl and Katja sing a tuneful duet, "Just for a Night." I did not catch many of the words, but I have no doubt that they were just melodious outpourings of pure and lofty romance. The part of Katja has the advantage of being taken by Miss Lilian Davies, so that the pure notes are practically guaranteed, while Mr. Gregory Stroud as Carl sings and acts to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

MISS IVY TRESMAND is the fair humorist of the piece, aided and abetted by Mr. Gene Gerrard. These two are the Patricia and Leander mentioned above, and at first their romance seems to be likely to be rudely shattered by the "stern parient," the Count. But Prince Carl, to whom they turn in their distress, advises Patricia to let herself be found in a compromising situation with Leander, and then the Count will be obliged to assent to their union to avoid scandal. Some of the humour on this subject seems a little raw, but it amuses the house mightily. When Leander takes Patricia in his arms and bids her come and be compromised, the outburst of shrill feminine laughter whistles round you like a touch of the north-east wind.

IN the second act, Prince Carl is waiting for a call from Katja, who has not only promised to sup with him, but has given him a rose from her girdle, and the initiated who understand the language of romance will require no translation of this gesture. But while the Prince is waiting for Katja, a lady is announced, and forthwith Patricia strolls into the room with the simple announcement that she has come to be compromised. If there is any humour in the jest it must surely be exhausted by this time. Fortunately, however, the Prince's thoughts are for the moment fixed on Another. He, therefore, packs Patricia off, though not before they have sung together a pleasing little

RENE MALLORY AS MAUD

BUBBIE [illegible] AS COUNT ORPITCH

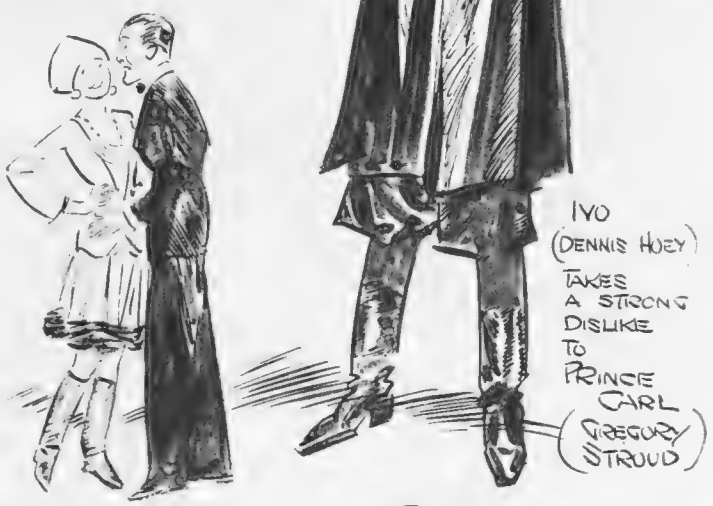
duet, "If You Cared," which is a very dainty piece of sentiment charmingly expressed.

In due course Katja arrives, and we learn that her encouragement of Prince Carl's attentions have been merely the result of a conspiracy to keep his mind occupied while his enemies are plotting his assassination. Miss Lilian Davies conducts this scene with perfect art. She greets the Prince with the adroit mixture of wistfulness and wariness which the situation clearly calls for, and indicates very gracefully the gradual birth and development of true love, until at the end of the act she unhesitatingly repents of her share in the great plot, and saves the Prince's life by going back on her fellow-conspirators. This is the dramatic part of the story, which is hedged round by romance as delicate as any musical comedy patron could desire.

By this time the moment for comic relief has arrived. And at the beginning of the third act we find the police present in force at Carl's villa investigating the plot against him. It so happens that Leander and Patricia were on the premises at the time, and they have not only been detained, but are brought before the chief of police handcuffed together, Patricia's left hand being chained to Leander's right. Of course, the police, as is usual with these people on the stage, have arrested the wrong parties; but that does not get the two young people out of their awkward predicament all at once. During the proceedings Patricia has a sudden longing to adjust some part of her subterranean attire, and as she needs both hands for the job it follows that Leander's right hand must come along with her own, while she does some arranging to a comely limb that is exposed as far as the knee, or thereabouts. It may be that she is reaching for her purse, which, they say, some ladies keep in this impenetrable seclusion, or it may be that something has come unsuspended or—but, I say! if we keep on like this we shall have the police after us. The scene is held to be so important that I believe it forms part of the pictorial advertisement of the production. As we have often been told, there is no accounting for taste, which fact, in a case of this kind, must be rather a disappointment for the listeners-in. This clever little display of riotous fun is Miss Ivy Tresmand's scene, Mr. Gerrard having very little to do except to express his reasonable dismay at the very unusual proceeding.

In his other scenes Mr. Gene Gerrard proves an adept at all the usual manifestations of musical comedy humour; but I could not see any evidence of great originality which his friends claim for him. No doubt when he has worked his part up he will be able to put a little more of himself into it. It may be, of course, that I am myself lacking in a sense of humour, and am, therefore, not qualified by nature to recognise a good thing when I see it. But the only standard by which I can judge humour on the stage is that it makes me laugh. Mr. Bobbie Comber is very amusing as the Count, and he is obviously an experienced laughter-maker since he drives every point well home. Mr. Dennis Hoey as Ivo, Katja's dancing partner, has little to do except to look imposing and fierce, and as he is a man of splendid physique, it is easy to understand that his opponents have no wish to argue with him. *Katja the Dancer* seems to have all the elements of successful musical comedy, and will, no doubt, fill the Gaiety Theatre for many moons.

JINGLE



IVO (DENNIS HOEY) TAKES A STRONG DISLIKE TO PRINCE CARL (GREGORY STROUD)

LEONARD RUSSELL AS SIMON

LILIAN DAVIES AS KATJA

IVY TRESMAND AS PATRICIA

GENE GERRARD AS LEANDER

Fashion's

Some Pictorial Notes

An afternoon gown (Model Jane Loffitte) in black Ottoman silk, the double skirt ornamented with black ciré braid, and a grey ciré waistband

A smart golfing suit (Model Cyber). The blouse is of beige kasha cloth with belt and pocket trimming of ornamental leather. The skirt is of plaid kasha

A black straw model from Welly Sœurs, trimmed with beige and green ribbon

A cunning little Spring model hat from Welly Sœurs, in rust-red and yellow ribbon and straw

A new sports coat by Reville (with cap to match) in a black, green and yellow plaid design trimmed with fur

A simple dinner gown (Model Aline) in white crêpe marocain trimmed with deep white satin fringes

A smart riding hat by Delion, in white straw, the crown trimmed with a simple black satin band

Spring Song from The Gay City

A dainty afternoon frock (Model Cyber) of deep blue crêpe romaine and old gold embroidery, with underskirt of purple-red

A three-piece frock (Model Riva), in black crêpe marocain, strikingly embroidered in grey, black and silver

A becoming dinner gown (Model Bédioff) in grey crêpe de Chine, with silver lace and fringed motifs

A smart coat (Model Cyber) in beige repp, with collar of rust-coloured crêpe de Chine and ornamented with neat pleats and buttons

A smart finish to the afternoon toilette is given by this black satin hat from Blanche Carlette, with turned-up brim of beige duvetyn

Photographs by Henri Manuel, Wyndham, Reville

YOGO HAMA ON "HARROW JUVENINE SPORTINGS"

MOST DEAR HON SIR—

BY the time these lines reach your esteemed ear, many innumerous Harrow scholastic juvenines shall have succeeded to win a gymnastic cup or other muscular belt, or else the so despised timber spoon. For 2 or 5 months ago, specially prepared numbers of these infantines (some still warm from their Hon. nurse's arms) have suffered to endure frightful trainings to become very Spartan, like as running 10 non-stop miles, jumping stupendous feet high, abstaining themselves from wine, beer, cigars and other luscious delicacies, to become tough and lean like an eggless fowl of venerable maturity. Almost I gush with tears to consider how these roseish sucklings still in their prattles are caused to endure so strenuous hardships, also to be plunged into full-length trouserings and other masc responsibilities while so tender in their years.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to imbottle saidly gushes and depict us some Harrow sportings, minus your so effeminate sentimentals which make me almost feel non-well in the stomach," you deplore, Hon. Sir?

This shows you to have a very broadless mind and a concrete heart which should cause you to crimsonly blush for fie. But Hon. Bystander readers are not exclusively mascs, and I do not doubt to believe that innumerous tenderish fairs will burst in tears when they learn to know how these Harrow youthlings are savagely torn from their maternal embraces and other domestic perks for casting into education cells, also for training to make long, high, low and suchly muscular jumps. And yet, I bemoan weepishly, they cannot succeed to be entirely toughened and I dote to impicture them deserting their algebras, trignometrics and suchly juvenine sums, to indulge gayful rompings with each others, like as ring-a-ring of roses, oranges and lemons, hide for seek, and suchly infantile sportings, while Hon. professors clap their hands for good approbation.

O no, I ejacule, let us endeavour to not run away to suppose that these chubbish infantines are entirely plunged in Greek and other defunct roots, but sometimes very to the contrary. On non-climatic days when Hon. sun has emerged himself to shine, these learned bairns (Scotch for infantines) are permit, if worthy, to egress from their cells and preamble in the fields to garnish nose and other vegetable gays which they then make present to their loved instructors, to receive pats on the head from and other highly esteemed rewardings.

"Mr. Y. Hama, I ordered you to produce some elegant commentings on the Harrow sportings——"

"Roseish sucklings still in their prattles"

Kindly to hist! I have specially prepared these commenting for mothers and other delicate femns who do not love roughish sportings. Alasly, I adumbrate chokeishly, it are a sweetish spectacular to impicture these prankish juvenines making gambols in the grass, or to playfully stroke the lambs (infantine muttons) and feed them with mint and other exquisite herbs. When tire of performing frisks with these diminutive and hairy quadrapetals, they seek to gather daisies and suchly innocent vegetables which they then construe daisy-chains of and place round each others' necks, which causes them to laugh for sport.

Another very esteemed pastime are to depluck, 1 by 1, the leaves of a daisy herb to seek if loved by Hon. professor, which if not, causes the plucker to mournfully despair, but if yes, makes him to spring for joy and obtain congratules from his scholastic mates. Kindly impardon me to

(Continued on page 642)

"To indulge gayful rompings"

THEY SAY WE BRITONS TAKE OUR PLEASURES SADLY ——

BUT — I ASK YOU — CAN THERE BE ANY

GREATER PLEASURE IN LIFE THAN THIS ——

AND THIS ⟶

Worthington

Scores the winning point for both sides!

"We adore to witness the prize giftings"

emit you a smallish afflatus in my head. Vizly:

How sweet it are to see these rompish games,
Witnessing them to make buttercup and daisy chains,
To combat at leaping frog or other youthish joy,
O who would not seek voraciously to be a Harrow boy?

This are very beautiful cantatoe, I flatter to suppose, and should cause to weep emotionally all poetical persons who nourish humane hearts.

"Impardon me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, that my patients are almost exhaust, and I shall strike you a blow with an axe in the neck if you do not start on your muttons. You must not think to suppose because of your so brilliant command of letters, you can give me your airs, but very reversely," you impop, Hon. Sir?

Kindly to impart me, I response iceishly, the meaning of your so politeless words, if any. Have I not produced you some very exclusive Harrow informations, which I wager my hat to bet not any contemporary can effect to obtain? If you do not more carefully dot your *p's* and *q's* to me, I shall perform a strike and picket you.

"Constrain, Mr. Y. Hama, to courteously impardon my so non-politeness, also to permit I should eat my so wicked words with adequate gusto. Consider if you should perform a strike there would be not any Hon. Bystander, thus causing to gulp with despair 100's of 1,000's of innocent readers who almost live only to imbibe your so genius commentings," you bemoan, Hon. Sir?

"That are indeedly so, therefore I shall make sacrifice my private passions in order to not disappoint my 1,000's of Hon. admirers who seek to mentally improve their heads with my authentic informations," I repop.

"I cannot produce words to depict you my abysmic gratitudes, Mr. Y. Hama, which causes me to think you must be an angel or other feathered body. Kindly to continue your Mothers' Sporting Page, which I think you should buy a patent for."

That are all so well, Hon. Sir, but your so non-grateful words leave me with sore spots and make me to feel all cut up as a mince-meat. Howeverly, re concerning saidly Harrow sportings. The skipping-hops competition are very popular event and necessitates to hop with extreme velocity a specially prepared juvenine, while several co-infantines turn swiftly a rope ejaculing "salt, pepper, mustard" and other suitable condiments to terrify the hopper so he may lose his head and become casualtied. Other events provoke goodish excitements, like as the speed race for persons with only 3 legs and suchly disqualities, the marbles shooting combat, the whipping-top match and so forths. But

"The skipping-hops competition are very popular"

mostly of all we mothers (poetical license) adore to witness the prize-giftings when a very reverent professor makes to present toys, lolling-pops, apple-sticks and suchly juvenine pleasures to the successful components.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you continue to suffer adequate and respectful good healths, I remain

Yogo Hama

"Construe daisy-chains"

At a recent trial six gentlemen from a town famous for its chemicals gave flatly contradictory evidence. It is a long time since we heard of such a conflict of Widnesses.

The Family Beverage for Health and Vigour

AT every breakfast table "Ovaltine" should be the daily beverage. It ensures health for every member of the family.

No other beverage is so rich in health-giving nutriment, so delicious in taste, so easy of digestion,

Think of its constituents! The creamiest of milk from England's richest pastures, the finest malted barley, fresh eggs and a cocoa flavouring. These are Nature's most nourishing foods.

Throughout the world "Ovaltine" stands supreme as the most nourishing and health-giving food beverage. It is used in all leading hospitals, nursing homes and sanatoria. By highly scientific physiological tests and also by long practical experience it has been proved to contain all the vital nutritive elements of a complete and perfect food.

"Ovaltine" contains in correct ratio all the vitamins, together with all the proteins, fats, and carbohydrates which science has determined are essential for health. It is an original preparation manufactured by an exclusive process.

During cold and damp weather "Ovaltine" tones up the system to resist coughs, colds, and influenza. It ensures sound natural sleep after a worrying and tiring day.

Introduce "Ovaltine" into your home as the daily beverage instead of tea or coffee. Its delicious flavour makes it popular with young and old.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested, and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

Price 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. *per tin.*

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., & 4s. 6d.

It is economical to purchase the larger sized tins.

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Everyone will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing and sustaining food sweet.

Price 8d. & 1s. 3d. *per pkt.*

A CONCERT-PLATFORM FAVOURITE

An attractive photograph of Miss Flora Woodman, the famous soprano, whose work is so well-known to concert-goers

FEMINA

DECEPTIONS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE.

By MRS. M. VINCE

WE who live in towns find it very easy to get sentimental about those who live in the country—especially when Spring is near. You remember the advanced reformers in one of Mr. Kipling's stories imagining "the peasants building jolly little pig-sties for themselves in the intervals of morris-dancing."

THERE is a touch of that stage-sentiment towards the country in most town-dwellers, to whom the country is the place where primroses grow at the road-side, and bluebells in the woods; where it is more important that cottages should be picturesque outside than habitable inside; and where the ignorance of the people is so delightful, that it is better than knowledge. And all the time the people in the country must be laughing at us, or regarding us with dumb amazement. Perhaps the most pathetic fallacy of the town-dweller is his belief in the innocence of the countryman in business matters.

WHILE you are patronising the country, the country is very probably taking advantage of you. I passed a cottage the other day, not very far from London, with a friend. Like so many other cottages it had a board at the gate announcing "New-laid eggs daily." I was tempted to go in and buy some, and then my friend told me this story. Many people pass that cottage on their way back to town, and buy their eggs there. You pay the same price as in town but, as people say to one another, when they drive on with a basketful, "You know that they are new-laid." And that is worth paying for. You can see the hens in the garden. One day my friend called at the cottage to buy eggs, but as no one answered her knock she went round to the back. There a dog flew at her, and in her fright she pushed open a door, rushed in and shut it behind her. When she looked round she found herself in a little room full of crates of eggs—from Ireland!

IF you have ever been along the Brighton front before breakfast, you will have seen the wholesale fish-market on the beach, and in the arches under the road. The boats are drawn up, the nets are drying, the fish are spread on the stones. It is not so picturesque as the fish-markets in the West Country, or on the East Coast, or across the water in Norway, but the early visitor feels that he has found something belonging not to modern Brighton, but to Brighthelmstone, that little fishing-village as it was before the Regent made it a fashionable watering-place. You may, perhaps, arrive one morning to find everyone waiting, and no fish. You will be told that the fish has not arrived. At that, the romantic visitor will look out to sea for the returning fishing-boats. But it is not they that are late. It is the train by which the fish is coming from Grimsby. Presently it will arrive in boxes just as it arrives in London. The only difference is that it would arrive in London rather earlier. Here there is no deception except the self-deception of the romantic visitor. Brighton still keeps its old fish-market on the beach, although now very little of its fish is caught off the Brighton shore.

MISS MARY KELLAS

Who was appearing in that very Scotch play, "It Happened in Ardoran," which was produced recently at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead. Miss Kellas is herself a Scot, being the niece of the late Dr. Kellar, of Mount Everest fame

TO return to eggs. They are one of those things so much desired by towns that the innocent country knows now very well the value of them. Another is old furniture. There used to be a time when old furniture, like new-laid eggs, was not only genuine in the country but cheap. With old furniture, as with eggs, that time has gone. The country has learnt its value from the town. It has learnt also how to get its furniture, like the eggs in the story, "from Ireland." This story was told me by another friend.

SHE stopped at an old cottage one day for tea and admired a grandfather's clock, which was standing in the sitting-room. Thereupon she was told its history. It had belonged to the man's father before him, and to his grandfather before that. It had been in the family as long as there had been a family. They would not think of parting with it, but times were hard, and, in fact, it was for sale. She asked the price, but it was far more than she could afford. She realised that in that cottage they either knew the value of old clocks, or put a high price on the sentiment of family possessions.

Some time afterwards she passed that way again, and stopped for tea. She was told the same story of the clock. She was told that they did not like to part with it, but times were hard, etc. She was quoted the same price for it—but it was a different clock!

THERE is not much of the country left which has not been visited by those in search of old furniture and china, and what remains is still there because its owners do not want to part with it. It is not for want of much asking that they still keep it, and by this time they know very well that it is desired in towns. And now "old furniture" comes to the country from the towns where it is made, and is put in the cottages to grow old quickly, and get a romantic family history.

I DO not know that we town-dwellers have much right to complain. Those collectors who went to the country in search of genuine old furniture when it was still there took advantage of the innocence of the countryman. It is they who are innocent now if they believe that because they find old things in little shops in little towns, or in remote farm-houses, they must for that reason be genuine.

The Knight Errant sets forth . . . His ideals shine . . . clean, bright . . . He will keep them and reach them only if he be equipped to meet his setbacks with a smile . . .

Poise, energy to take a fall and come back, overplus of nerve force for quick and accurate thought, these are given by the wonderful nourishment of Horlick's Malted Milk. A combination of all the good of pure milk, wheat and malted barley, Horlick's gives fitness.

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MALTED MILK

MADE
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RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The National

UNTIL I saw the race for the Cheltenham Gold Cup last week, I had an absolutely open mind on the prospects of the Grand National. I have always maintained that it is a race on which nobody should be in a hurry to wager. All sorts of things crop up in the last fortnight to upset preconceived ideas. Take, for example, the breakdown of Conjuror II. A good deal of money had gone on the horse prior to his race at Cheltenham, and he was included in a great many double events. And now the old warrior has finished his active career. One lamented to see him fall lame at Cheltenham, though his recent races had indicated that he was on the down grade.

Ballinode Fancied

I HAVE now definitely decided to make Ballinode my Grand National selection, provided nothing untoward occurs to her between now and the day of the big steeplechase. I was greatly impressed with the mare last week. Her display in the Gold Cup really left nothing to be desired. She revealed speed as well as stamina and great cleverness over the fences. At Nottingham earlier in the season I had been very disappointed with her jumping, but I did not see her put a foot wrong last week. We know that she can get over the Liverpool fences, for she is a winner of the Grand Sefton, and a year ago she completed the National course. True, she finished a very long way behind the winner on that occasion, but I regard her as a vastly improved mare. She has gained in strength and substance, and is much more taking in appearance than she ever was before.

BY "THE TOUT"

SIR KEITH FRASER

Who trains and runs "Ardeen," a very live candidate for the Grand National

Patsey V's Chance

PERHAPS before these lines reach their readers Ballinode will have been sold. At all events, negotiations for her purchase were in progress at the time of writing. The question of who will ride her was also still unsettled. But in any case she will, with reasonable luck, give her backers a very good run for their money. I do not think Patsey V is altogether out of the reckoning for the Grand National. He jumped faultlessly at Cheltenham, and was obviously prepared to go round the course again had it been necessary. No doubt he is short of pace, but he will be standing up in the National when most of the speedier horses are on the floor.

Grand Military

THIS week, the big racing attraction will be the Grand Military meeting at Sandown Park, always one of the most delightful social events of the winter season. There is a good prospect that Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey, who has already ridden one Gold Cup winner, will enjoy another triumph in the race on Friday. His horse, **Ruddyglow**, is one of the smartest young 'chasers in training, and if it is decided to run him in the Grand National with Mr. Harry Brown on his back I shall respect his prospects of success. As a second string for the Gold Cup I take GOOD POINTS, who may do duty instead of Ruddyglow for the same owner. The Imperial Cup on Saturday may be won by **Major Ray**. I shall have the opportunity next week of giving my final views on the Lincolnshire Handicap. I do not suppose I shall have any reason for changing my opinion, which I have expressed in these notes all along that Parth is something like a good thing for the race.

HUNTING and POLO NOTES . By A. W. Coaten

At Cheltenham

WELL-KNOWN hunting people were encountered on every side at the National Hunt meeting at Cheltenham last week. Lord Coventry was there, and he was probably the only man present who can recollect the first of the National Hunt gatherings ever so many years ago. Lord Lonsdale, too, was present. One seldom sees him out at steeplechasing, but, of course, this brilliant gathering is quite different from the ordinary "park" meetings. I met a great many representatives of different hunting countries, and they all described the season as having been very good. The Pytchley Hunt provided the winner of the big event of the week. Although Ardvasar has not been hunted with that pack for several seasons past, he was formerly known as a good performer in Northamptonshire.

Polo Outlook

I ALSO met many polo players at Cheltenham, which is one of the headquarters of the game in the provinces. It is expected that polo will begin there in the course of a few weeks. In the London area the game will start at Worcester Park, where, weather permitting, the Hurlingham Club is to run a Spring tournament in the middle of April. Nothing should add more to the enjoyment of polo players in London than the new facilities which are being provided at Worcester Park. Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Vernon Willey, Major Jack Harrison, Major the Hon. Harold Pearson, and Major H. A. Wernher are among those who have contributed handsomely to this enterprise. There will in future be two full-sized match grounds at Worcester Park, together with a large practice ground. It will be possible to play there when the London clubs have to shut down owing to bad weather.

Good Season Ahead

ALTOGETHER the outlook is favourable for the London polo season. The visit of the Maharajah of Jodhpur's team and the American Army side will be great attractions. I hear that the Indian ponies are expected early next month. They are to be kept in the country to recuperate from the voyage prior to being sent to the stabling at Hurlingham early in April. The American Army players have been in hard practice at Miami during the winter months, and I am told the team is shaping well. It will be under the captaincy of Major Louis Beard, and the other players will be new to English polo. Their handicaps will not be so long as those of the British Army team, but it was demonstrated in the Inter-Army matches of 1923 that handicaps cannot be implicitly relied upon as a guide to results.

Changes

AN interesting addition to the list of new M.F.H.'s is made by the acceptance of my Lord Shaftesbury of the Joint Mastership of the Portman Hounds. He is to be associated with Captain W. P. Browne and Major Denison-Pender in that position, so the famous Dorset pack will in future have three Masters. This season the changes of control will be fewer than usual, which can be taken as a sign that things have been going well. However, some excellent countries are still looking out for new leaders, and curiously enough they are mostly in the Wiltshire district. The Tedworth, the Avon Vale, and the South and West Wilts countries are vacant at the time of writing, while the Craven Hounds are in want of a suitable sportsman who is prepared to take over the control. In Lincolnshire the Burton country is making a change, and this country should suit a keen foxhunter anxious to hunt hounds himself.

THE qualities which give style to shoes are seldom very marked. Minute variations in proportion, the fit at ankle and instep, and the placing of the strap determine the grace and comfort of a shoe. For this reason the characteristics that distinguish a smart modish shoe from a commonplace one cannot be successfully conveyed by illustration. Those illustrated merely indicate a few out of many smart and popular models which we have in your style and individual fitting.

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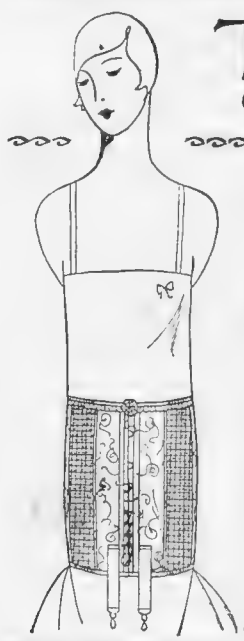

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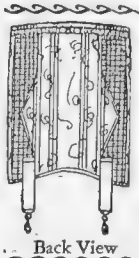

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INFANTS OF THE SPRING

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March* 16

DEAR COUSIN—

WHO said Spring? Quite sure it can't be here 'ficially yet,

"Gold on our hats"

and 'cording to the calendar, even tho' we *have* seen lots of signs of

The year's awakening

and revelled in all the gentle loveliness of—

The shy snowdrops brought
By the New Year's advance.

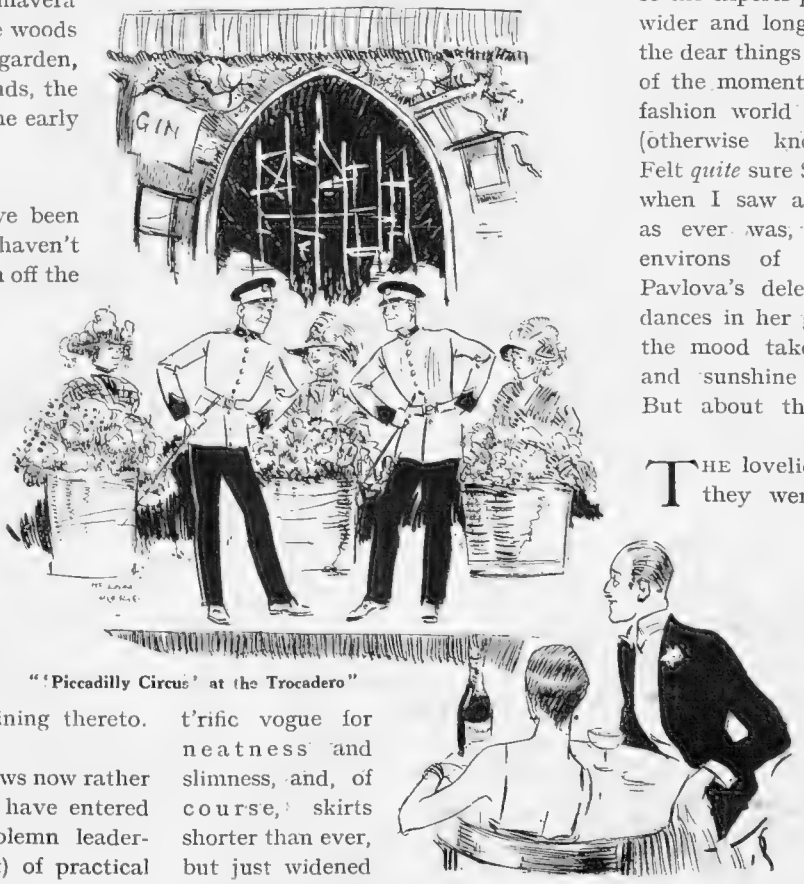
Not to mention the slim and saucy crocus, with its dashing, splashing colours and its faint Primavera smile . . . And from the woods or in the trees in our garden, that d'lightfullest of sounds, the twittering and piping of the early birds.

QUITE a tumult they've been making just lately, haven't they, when not being blown off the deck, so to speak—and they know a thing or two, too, in the feathered world, even if 'casionally just a bit led astray in their dates by things happening out of their turn. Yes, quite a lot of signs of Spring about, 'cluding, of course, easily the most important of all, which is, need I mention it, the modes and fashions, the newest frocks and hats appertaining thereto.

WHICH, with dress shows now rather waning to a close, have entered the domain (as the solemn leader-writers and people put it) of practical politics, so to speak. Having gone, seen and been conquered at which—those fasc'nating frock-and-cocktail parades, I mean, that some of the stern moralists 've been denouncing 'cos they lead innocent young maidens into sin by tempting 'em to have one tiny more or less non-alc. Martini or Bronx before lunch, but that's by the way . . . where was I? Well, anyway now we settle down, *n'est-ce-pas*, to the real serious biz. of buying—or 'tany rate getting 'em put down on our bills.

AND—well, you know, Mr. McKenna's been talking 'bout reviving the gold standard and what a capital thing it'd be? So, nobly and patriotically, seems we've quite made up our minds, or anyway the dress people 've done it for us, to have at least a touch, a *soupçon* of gold on well-nigh every single thing we wear. Not only frocks and coats either, but gold on our hats and our shoes, all-gold scarves, and even pyjamas and rest-gowns dashed or splashed with gold.

THAT'S *our* little special Spring weakness 'parently—things being otherwise 'spensively plain, with a t'rific vogue for neatness and slimness, and, of course, skirts shorter than ever, but just widened a bit so's we can walk. Not quite like the Oxford trouser, though, f'rinstance—for, you know, cousin, surprising as it may seem, 'pears men, or some of 'em, have their Spring fashions, too. More infants of the Spring, what?



"'Piccadilly Circus' at the Trocadero"

"Reducing the pay of our Forces"

LATEST in which, am told, is that "jackets are to button three," so the experts put it, and to be a shade wider and longer—isn't it exciting for the dear things? But the real sensation of the moment, of course, in the male fashion world is the Oxford Trousers (otherwise known as elephant-legs). Felt *quite* sure Spring had really arrived when I saw a pair of 'em yesterday as ever was, walking along in the environs of Hampstead, close to Pavlova's delectable villa, where she dances in her garden sometimes, when the mood takes her, all in the wind and sunshine of an early Spring. But about those trousers. . . .

THE loveliest shade of pale mauve they were, and made 'parently of flannel or—as the men novelists say when they're describing women's frocks—"some filmy material." And distinctly on the wide side, not to say baggy, though hanging nicely over a neat patent shoe. Carried off quite well, too, methought, by a slim, blonde and

comely wearer, one who had—

> . . . . scarcely seen
> Some twenty summers cast their green
> For autumn's gaudy liveries.

But pioneers have no honour in their own country, have they?

How some of the sweet young things from Oxford must sigh for the good old days of 150 years ago or so—to judge by the many-hued and fearfully smart suits of Sheridan's day as worn in that d'lightful and picturesque revival of *The Rivals* at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Almost more variety for the man than the woman, though nothing could be more becoming than Isobel Jeans's perfectly sweet rose-pink dress, all hooped and farthingaled, that she wears with, for once, a complete new outfit of blonde *coiffure*.

A bit too artificial though for these realistic days methinks. When even the starkest and grimmest war play doesn't so terribly hurt us any more. The years—think of it, over six since it all ended—have softened our sorrows, made bearable our griefs, turned the sharp ache of yesterday into a tender memory. So we can even listen to a play like Mr. Hubert Griffith's *Tunnel Trench*, that the Repertory Players gave the other night—no, not unmoved, but with ourselves well in hand. All about the fighting it is, too, and a thrilling scene in a shell-hole, where they talk of war and war's waste.

'Oxford trousers"

That's one of the chief morals of it, the tragic waste of all the best we had—for what? And a good reminder, I think, for (1) the profiteers and people, that there *was* a war, and (2) the politicians, or whoever kept it going, that there mustn't ever be another one. (What a hope!) Meanwhile and apropos, hear they want to cut down the pay of our future fighting forces, which, of course, is still more encouraging for all those with memories of our fighting days.

Big list of first nights this week, and seems the theatres are really getting into their stride, which is yet another sign of the approach of Spring and the advent of the season that appertains thereto. And Eros, though no longer in Piccadilly Circus, is dancing, shimmeringly silvered, in Mr. Cochran's new ballet at the Trocadero. I hear, too, some more about the opera that's due here ere long—seems the famous Jeritza among others is said to be coming, who's handsome as well as a big noise (both ways) in the singing line. An Austrian she is, it seems, but these things don't matter these days, do they, when there's even talk of a "pact" of sorts 'tween us and the Huns, and we give them our shipbuilding to do!

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette

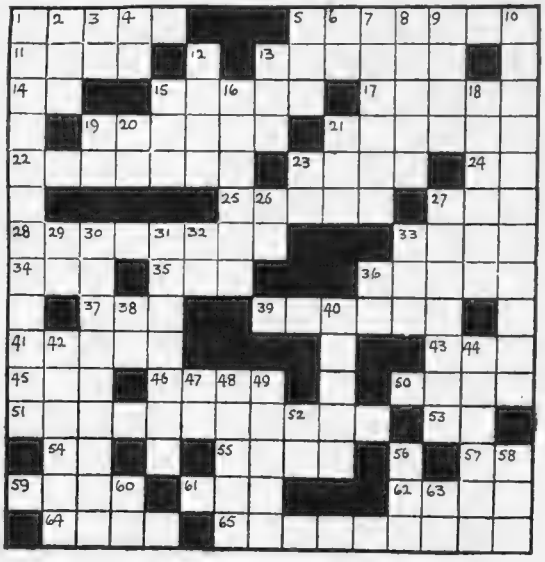
MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

Five Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first five correct solutions opened.

Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

Solutions, marked "Cross-words" on the envelope, should be addressed to The Editor, The Bystander, Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, E.C.4, and should reach us by first post on Monday morning, March 23. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 6

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

CLUES:

ACROSS

1. Name of an Airy Spirit in "The Tempest."
5. Anthony, the theatrical manager.
11. To become dull by inaction.
13. Hooray! (Oirish version).
14. The parvenu's pronoun.
15. Dumas wrote of a Black one.
17. A sign of the Zodiac. She is still sometimes wise and sometimes foolish.
19. Vocalists in unison.
21. Views through avenues.
22. Ellaline.
23. So, has to pad.
24. Right centre (Stage abbrev.).
25. What Hamlet said the play is.
27. Added to a lemon makes a summer drink.
28. Duke of Milan in "The Tempest."
33. Where Eve started the trouble.
34. To befall.
35. The best trump.
36. Boadicea's subjects.
37. Food for babies.
39. Proverbial characteristic of a waggon-load of monkeys.
41. "All tears!" ("Hamlet").
43. Great railway from Paris to the Mediterranean.
45. Name of the letter "S."
46. Buffaloes (Initials).
50. The one here.
51. Well-known dramatist, second only to Mr. Shaw.
53. Preposition.
54. A very soft-leaded pencil.
55. The "I's" in us.
57. Often followed by "What?"
59. "Two minutes before the rising of the curtain."
61. ———— *pro nobis.*
62. Famous type of aeroplane.
64. King in Shakespeare's works who mixed up a thankless child with a serpent's tooth.
65. What the play says it pays to do.

DOWN

1. The greatest of Attic dramatists who wrote "The Frogs."
2. The sailor's tot.
3. Usual section of verb "to be."
4. And (French).
5. Little dog.
6. What a good Scotsman rolls thoroughly.
7. The greatest Victorian actor.
8. Boisterous.
9. To separate into lots.
10. Front parts of stages.
12. T. W. Robertson's famous play.
13. Belonging to him.
15. Thee (French).
16. Brightness.
18. Where actresses like to be photographed in Spring.
19. Charles Rex (initials).
20. Home Rule (initials).
21. German particle of nobility.
23. British Institute (initials).
26. A Shakespearian way of summoning a varlet.
27. Famous London theatre that has given its name to the neighbourhood.
29. Royal Academician.
30. Capable of being opposed.
31. Said of a theatre filled with holders of free tickets
32. In the City.
33. The old French coin equal to an English crown.
36. Kipling's famous poem.
38. Able seaman.
40. Evoked by the pathetic scenes.
42. Miss MacDonald.
44. What take us from Liverpool to New York.
47. Like
48. Drama with music.
49. A minced oath (too mild for Billingsgate!)
52. Actors' Orphanage (initials).
56. Mr. Ivor Novello's recent part.
58. For garden weeds
60. The (French).
63. Pet name for "Violet."

The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of March 4, with names of the five winners, will be found on page 660

OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 4.

FISH-FLY MAKING has its probable origin in the second century when Macedonian fishermen successfully imitated a natural fly which, when handled, was useless for fishing.

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Wayfaring on the Tube.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED LEETE

If a Londoner has to go to Golder's Green, I take it that he walks to the nearest omnibus halting-place or Tube station, and is conveyed there without a thought of the wildness of his adventure. But for a country fellow, one of your hedgers or ditchers, as we call those who walk in ditches and recline against hedges while their betters splash by in motor-cars, the journey is one fraught with sensation.

I was born in the year 1881, and, being the third child of the family, was not bred to a trade. So it befell that I idled away my most susceptible hours among books, and eventually took to composing pieces, runes and holographs, ignoring the advice of those best qualified to speak concerning the fate of scriveners. My occupation making me an object of ridicule in the great towns, I took to the society of ramblers, and eventually found haven in the only seaside resort in England on an underground railway. Living here, my weakness for writing was regarded charitably as a propension of nature, and was neither ridiculed nor pitied. "All pity choked with custom of fell deeds."

Then my serene life experienced a vasty convulsion, and I was precipitated once more into miseries. Amongst them I am extremely sorry to record, is a journey to Golder's Green.

The way, after you have threaded through the pigeons of Charing Cross, is by descent of one of those little streets that slope from the Strand to the margin of the Thames. I never descend these slopes without reflecting that once they were ascended not by carts but by boats, and that these boats were pulled up by men, who, at concerted heave, shouted "Ahoy, !" Where is now a drain was once a giant hawser. Where now a cheap-jack selling toys, there once lay a great anchor in the ooze. Also there was in these parts a bad stench, so that, when Cardinal Wolsey had occasion to use his barge, he walked to the water's edge with scented cambric held to his eminent nose.

But I am buying my ticket for Golder's Green, and am soon on a platform which smells like an undusted room. Guided by a polite official to a portion of the platform from which I am likely to get an equal chance with others of boarding the Golder's Green Express, I look about me, give thanks to God, smile upon the young lady in the gaily-lit kiosk for the sale of tobacco leaves, and, like any Londoner waiting with me, play the young man and open my evening newspaper.

A train arrives. Never was there such a pressing, such a toe-ing and heeling, these movements all accompanied by noises of encouragement from the uniformed staff, who kept shouting "Golder's Green! Golder's Green!" as if the mention of this goal were the best spur to our efforts. I did not succeed in getting in, because I am accustomed to open-air trains, and to the Tube as it was in the beginning when one could pause on the step and turn for a last embrace or farewell wave of the hand. I make no complaint. I ought to have known that things would have been speeded up in my absence, and in New York this trick of stopping the train and then whisking it off before the tardigrade can board it, has been popular for some time. I very nearly travelled on the New York Underground once, but remembered in time that, though I might get on after a little practice, I should have no opportunity to practise the art of getting off.

Well, there was I, a little hot and ashamed of my rusticity, but in no particular hurry, and determined to make a better show when the next challenge came. I had experience enough now to recognise that half of the trick is to stand on the edge of the platform and so be in the first row. It is a braggart gesture, no doubt, like taking the front bench in church, but in London I must do as the Londoners do. Imagine my inexpressible sickness of body and terror of mind, however, when the next train was stopped in such a position that the nearest sliding-doors were far from my vantage-point. More swiftly than the wind passes, I found myself again at the back of the on-pressing crowd. I charged into the back of them like any Londoner, mark you. Onaway! I kept whispering to myself. Think of your reputation, your family, your school,

"I was thrown violently forward and then backward"

think, if you like, of the Employment Company you belonged to in the War—the good old 417th, by gad, sirs—but do not once more get left behind. Onaway!

I failed, but so did others. And here, instantly, I found consolation. I had indeed wished passionately to ride upon the train, as I was anxious not to be late for the dinner to which I had most generously been invited. But here were other men, probably in similar plight, and all without a scowl on their faces. I was about to pat some of them on the back as people who had proved themselves, to my envy and astonishment, better men than myself, when a third Golder's Green express spurted gaily in. An honourable company of sympathisers surrounded me and swept me with them into the corridors of the train.

I cannot, I fear, give any useful record of my feelings at that moment.

"For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first."

I only know that a great wave of heat flooded my body; that I tore my newspaper; and that, when the train started, I was thrown violently forward and then backward before seizing a portion of the rigging and simultaneously dropping my umbrella. (Never again shall I sneer at any stage comedian who drops his umbrella.)

How is it that all who travel by Tube have just lost a near relative? The man directly opposite me appeared to have been recently widowed, and I felt a certain indelicacy in contemplating his grief. On his right was a woman who must have just come away from the deathbed of her favourite daughter, and on his left was a young man of such funeral solemnity that I guessed his loss to be that of both parents in an accident. A young female sat next the orphan, and her head was pushed forward and on one side, turned in fact at an angle of forty-five degrees to the upright line of her figure. Her eyes were thrown upwards, her thoughts were evidently far away, and, judging from the droop of her mouth, rested upon a poignant sorrow. Someone cried out the name of a station, and she drew herself up sharply and went with her sorrow into Mornington Crescent.

When we go for rides in the country, we are all smiles and grins. Likely as not, old Harry or young George may be along, and both of them can make a mouth-organ sound like an orchestra. Then there's always something to laugh at. Perhaps the carrier will drop a parcel at a cottage gate, and, if a man does not laugh at the sound of crashed glass, he is going to have a sad life. Then there are hens that may be run over, and once, when Charlie's danged motor started off and up on him before he was ready, Mrs. Brambleblossom slipped off the steps at the back and sat in a puddle large enough to give a feed to ducks. That kept us laughing from Daydream Ferry to Sleevelove, and there were some that were still chuckling at the Sweet Sisters. Of course, things like that cannot be enjoyed in a Tube, but it is, to say the least of it, odd that this method of travelling appeals almost exclusively to the bereaved.

I was refreshed at Golder's Green to find that I might walk out of the train at my leisure, no attempt being made to kidnap me by snatching the train away before I had reached the platform. It was pleasant also on the return journey to find that I could get into a carriage at the first attempt. In fact, had I been accompanied by a small deputation of Golder's Green residents desirous of wishing me Godspeed, it would have been possible for me to have addressed to them a few heartfelt words of thanks and encouragement before the impulsive train sped on its way. Another time, perhaps.

BY YOUR "LEAF" By C. Ambler

A mannequin parade when the world was young, featuring some very early Spring Fashions

The Next Infliction—the Cross-Word Puzzle *Illustrated!*

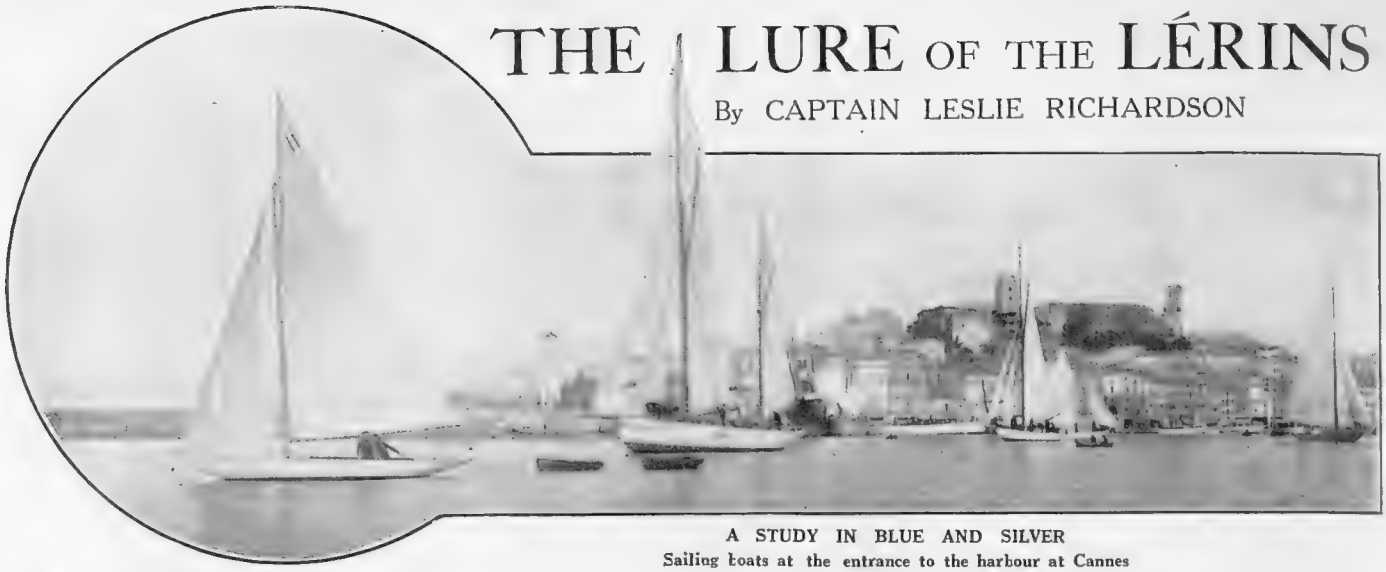
CLUES. ACROSS : 1. A Spring fever
5. The old boy
6. What the old boy ought to be

DOWN : 2. In the knut's pocket
3. His initials
4. Her initials

A Tragedy of True Love—and a few rather cross words—illustrated by Mr. W. Heath Robinson.
If you are really anxious for a solution, turn to page 656

THE LURE OF THE LÉRINS

By CAPTAIN LESLIE RICHARDSON



A STUDY IN BLUE AND SILVER
Sailing boats at the entrance to the harbour at Cannes

THE popularity of Cannes as a yachting centre is due, to a great extent, to the Lérins Islands. With the exception of the Golden Isles of Hyères and the snail-like Gallinaria islet off Alassio, the Lérins are the only islands on the Riviera. They provide Cannes yachtsmen with a sheltered cruising ground and charming *but de promenade*, they are of considerable historical interest, a delight to the eye of all beholders.

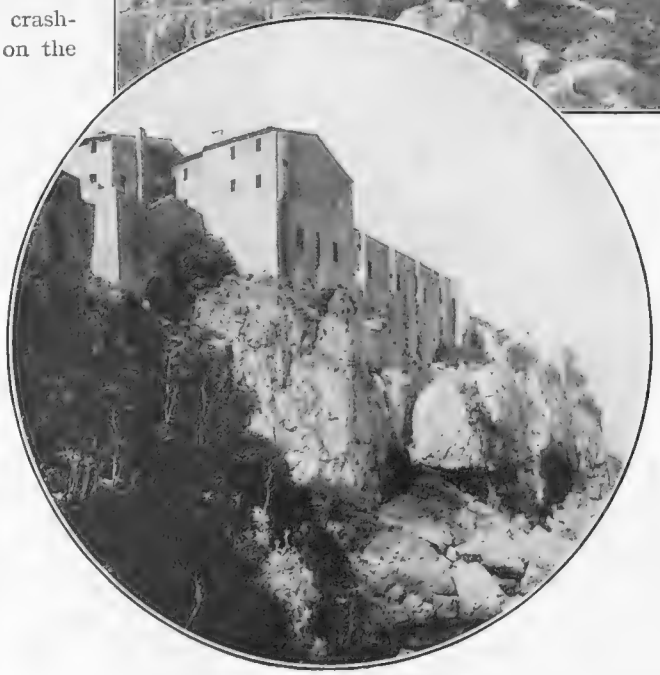
I HAVE two impressions of the Lérins that I love to recall. One, a sunny morning in October when I came sailing in from the open sea after an adventurous cruise in a very small yacht. Slowly the islands detached themselves from the coast and were revealed as two long emeralds in a sea of aquamarine. On another autumn day I beheld the Lérins from the garden of a friend's villa on the Californie. A short, steep sea was rolling in from the eastward between the islands and the mainland, crashing ashore in creamy breakers on the Croisette Point. The sea between the Esterel and the Croisette was quite smooth, and one saw at a glance that the great Cornuché himself could not have devised a more adequate breakwater.

LET us now go afloat for a nearer view of these Isles of Enchantment. If we have no craft of our own we will hire one of the many well-equipped motor launches that are to be found anchored in the very shadow of the Casino. Passing the fleet of yachts at their moorings, we are soon running across the smooth strip of blue water towards Saint Honorat, the outer island. We meet a few homing fishing boats, their brown lateen sails boomed out to catch the light breeze. Leaning back in the stern with the tiller tucked under his arm, the sun tanned skipper of the nearest craft sings lustily in Provençal. Doubtless his net has provided the ingredients of a succulent *bouillabaisse*.

SAINT HONORAT has pines down to the water's edge, and leaving our marine "taxi" at the landing stage we strike inland across the island to the Monastery. Since those far-off days when Saint Honorat crossed over from the Esterel in 375, this island has been in the hands of the monks. Though free to roam about the island and even visit the castle, ladies are forbidden the precincts of the monastery. With the exception of a mural painting of Saint Patrick driving the snakes out of the islands, there is but little to see in the Monastery. The ancient castle, whence the monks retired to resist the raids of pirates, the beauty of the pines curving over the brown rocks along the shore are infinitely more interesting than the monastery, though few women will believe me, so strong is the lust for forbidden fruit. The brown-robed monks make picturesque figures in this Southern setting as we meet them returning from a morning's work among the vines. In early days this

(Continued on page 656)

A RIVIERA LANDMARK
A photograph taken on the island of St. Honorat showing the famous Monks' Castle in the background



IMMORTALISED IN FICTION
The famous old prison on the island of St. Marguerite which was the original of Alexandre Dumas' prison in "The Man in the Iron Mask"

Camera Study of Miss Imogene Robertson wearing her wonderful Ciro Pearls

E. O. Hoppe

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island was one of the world's greatest seats of learning and many are the dry-as-dust parchments that have been compiled on Saint Honorat. Sacked in turn by Saracens and Spaniards, the island has seen many of its monks done to death in battle, and here, in 1525, Francis I of France was led captive by the Emperor Charles.

After a frugal lunch beneath the pines, we return aboard and cross the little blue strait to Saint Marguerite. Rising sheer from the crystal-clear water stands the brown fort in which were confined the Man in the Iron Mask and Marshal Bazaine. In the fortress a garrulous old guardian shows us the cell of the Man in the Iron Mask, the spot from which Bazaine is alleged to have slid down a rope, and a "Crucifixion" painted by a German prisoner during the Great War. These are the "lions" of Saint Marguerite, but after a little speculation as to the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, one is wont to seek relief from the tragedy of history in the contemplation of Nature at her best. From the ramparts of the fort one obtains a superb view of Cannes and her magnificent surroundings, the theatrical Esterel and the distant Alps, with a foreground of blue sea, white sails, and the houses of the Croisette.

A stroll through the pine woods is followed by tea at the Fotinière, for Saint Marguerite has its hotel, and our little motor-boat is started up for the spin back to Cannes. Speeding over the calm sea, regret at leaving the islands is forgotten, as we watch the sun set in orange and gold behind the unreal silhouette of the Esterel.

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

"One side of a medallion — a medallion struck to commemorate the passing of a social code." That is how Mr. Michael Sadleir would have us regard his new novel, *The Noblest Frailty* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). The description is apt, and one commiserates with the author in his bad luck in being obliged at the last moment to alter his original title. "Obedience" was just the right title for the story, but a first novel thus named was published almost in the same week, and so Dryden's words had to be used.

We are accustomed to think that the "younger generation" hardly existed before the twentieth century. Ibsen, it is true, heard that knocking on the door, but it has been widely supposed that if you happened to be a Victorian young person, you remained seen and not heard. Mr. Sadleir, than whom there can be no more careful student of Victorian manners, seeks to show that even in the 'sixties the young people were beginning to think for themselves, and in this gracious love-story the reactionary "elders" in the persons of county squires and the like do not have it all their own way. To our modern ideas the novel may appear quietly old-fashioned, but the epithet is undeserved, and, indeed, a wholly wrong one. The book belongs to its period. It is interesting, and even exciting, and like its predecessors written with infinite care.

Mr. Horace B. Samuel's first novel *The Quisto-Box* (Philpot: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) runs cheerfully off the rails from the very first page. It is an astonishing medley of wit, satire, and melodrama. The possession of a machine whereby it is possible to "read" the real thoughts of other people can obviously lead to all sorts of social volcanoes. Mr. Samuel shows us the effects it can produce in the hands of an unscrupulous "international" financier, and in the same startlingly vivid chapters sketches out (in a commendable spirit of complete detachment) the unhappy fate of the young Republic of Yunkaria. So far the ironical story is coherent and the best of good fun. I fancy, indeed, that the author could have made a first-rate yarn out of Yunkaria's troubles without any Quisto-box at all; and from the technical point of view this might have been the better course, for the second half of his book (interesting and amusing as it is) has but little connection with the first.

Here, however, the subsequent history of the magic box is followed out to its logical conclusion, and when Lalage Marne puts an end to its manufacture she certainly saves humanity from a miserable end. Mr. Samuel's people suffer from being slight caricatures, but no one will deny his mordant wit, or the power of his descriptive passages, and his novel, for all its faults of technique, is a brilliant display of literary fireworks.

To those who enjoy a good detective story I should like to recommend Mr. Anthony Wynne's first book, *The Mystery of the Evil Eye* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Here it is a Harley Street doctor (whose physical contours tally closely with those of a real and very popular physician not unknown at the Savile Club), who plays amateur sleuth. Inspector Byles finds a gruesome clue to a baffling murder in a small whitish "berry" which turns out to be a human eyeball, but it is left to Dr. Hailey to discover why certain gentlemen have been buried in other people's graves. It is a very good yarn, which lures you on from first chapter to last.

1. L	2. O	3. V	4. E
	5. D	A	D
6. D	E	A	D

Mr. Heath Robinson's Cross-word Puzzle solved

(See page 653)

The identity of that gracious writer, "The Old Stager," who for the last year or so has been delighting readers of the *Sunday Times* and other papers with his short essays on all sorts of matters and men, is not, I dare say, very difficult to discover; it is enough for me that he has gathered together some of his lucubrations into a singularly charming volume. *A Londoner's Calendar* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is mightily good to read. It calls up the past, but it also envisages the present. It offers opinions—with which you may not always be in agreement—and it crystallises this or that amongst modern tendencies into a delicate vignette. There are moments when you are reminded of George Russell (whom the Old Stager knew well enough), but in general the author has his own methods of producing an effect. And one figures him a man of many interests, social, athletic, literary and artistic, enjoying life to the full, and pleasantly set on your sharing in part his enjoyment.

Once again Mr. Edgar Wallace, whose industry is beyond belief, has shown what a good mystery-monger he is. *The Fellowship of the Frog* (Ward, Lock: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) proceeds, I dare say, along conventional lines, but it holds your interest to the very last page. Who is the Frog? That is the question which you are asking yourself every few minutes. He is the head of a great

(Continued on page 658.)

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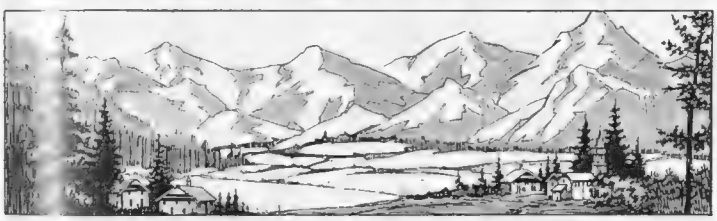

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criminal organisation, and if his methods are sometimes crude, they are sometimes amazingly subtle. But who is he? I amused myself by writing down who I thought he was each time my opinion changed, and at the end there was quite a goodly list. Needless to say, my final guess was wrong. Twice I suspected the real criminal, but never for very long. You may argue, of course, that the whole thing is a tissue of impossibilities, but it doesn't matter. Here is the sort of story without which no long train journey should be undertaken, even if you are travelling by Pullman.

⁂

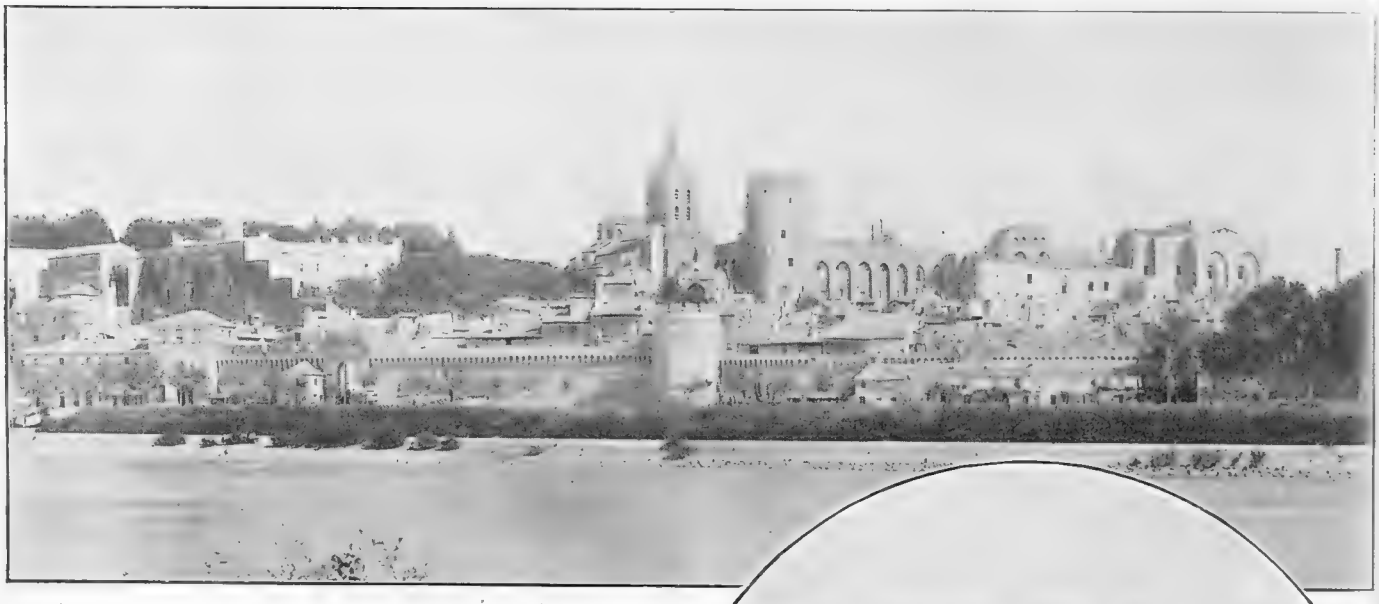
You remember, I expect, an eerie story, published a year or more ago, by Michael Maurice. It was called *Not In Our Stars*, and a dramatic version was produced with Sir Gerald du Maurier in the chief part. Mr. Maurice's new story, *The Long Way Round* (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a detective story, but a detective story of an unusual kind. A rich business man disappears, and at least three detectives are put on his trail. It is not, however, the disappearance of the man which baffles the reader so much as the queer atmosphere which hangs over the story. There is something else *wrong*. You feel that Castellan, the private detective, is almost too odd, and there is something very queer about the way in which the vanished man's wife behaves. At moments you wonder whether Mr. Maurice is not having some fun at your expense, by guying the usual detective-story; at others you fear that he has not yet mastered his technique. But in either case you are wrong. When the unexpected solution is forthcoming, you see with what cunning he has built up the whole structure. It is a very good story indeed, and you should not miss it.

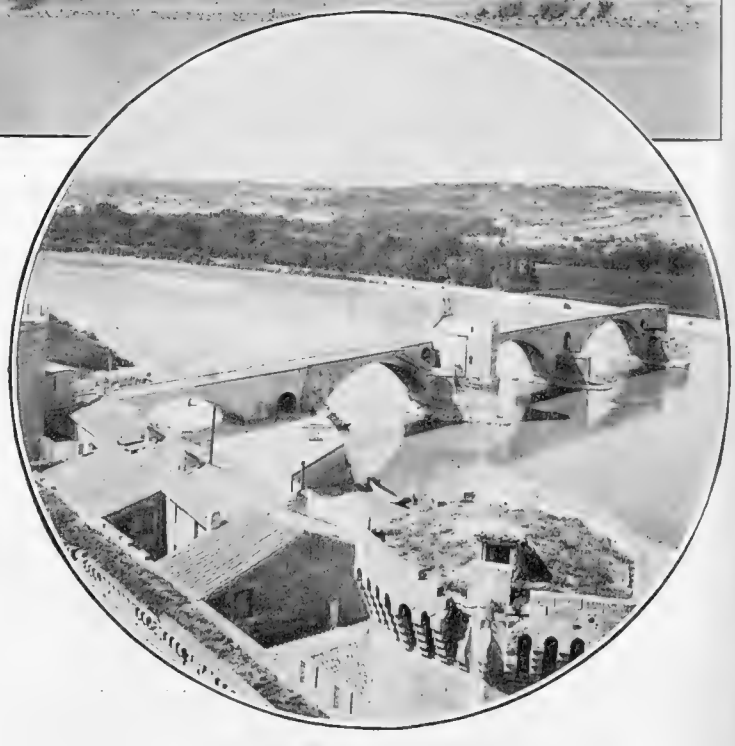
⁂

Crooks and convicts seem to be retaining their popularity, and you do not need to be a cat-burglar to interest the crowds. Book follows book giving us details in the lives of the under-worldish folk. Two of them may be mentioned here. *The Human Side of Crook and Convict Life* (Hurst and Blackett: 18*s.* net) by Stanley Scott is certainly a readable compilation. Stienie Morrison, Ronald True, the old Dartmoor shepherd, Crippen—they are but a few of the scalliwags who flit through Mr. Scott's pages. Certain new facts are forthcoming about some of them, though here the author has had to be discreet. It is not always advisable that the whole truth about a case be made public. Then there is Mr. Charles Kingston's book, *A Gallery of Rogues* (Stanley Paul: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) which in the main treats of an older generation of evil-doers. And here the veil is lifted in a somewhat new direction, for the story does not always end with the trial and sentence. One rarely hears about notorious criminals, who happen to have escaped the gallows, *after* they have served their sentence. In the interests of humanity this may be just as well, though it is only fair to say that in no case has Mr. Kingston been guilty of an error in taste.

⁂

There have been several Frankenstein stories since the first startled the world about a hundred years ago, but I do not remember to have read one in which humour played any great part. And yet, surely, a nice newly-polished and wholly competent Robot would take his place very well in a farcical comedy. In *A Man of Parts* (Stanley Paul: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. J. J. Nelson has written a very good Frankenstein story which begins on the older lines but continues with an amusing dash into something like farce. The making of the Robot—a most estimable young man—is scientific enough, but his introduction to the polite world (in an English village), as the ward of his inventor, leads to complications. Having had no childhood he is unaware of much that our modern youngsters learn almost in their cradles, and his behaviour is not unlike that of the delectable angel whom the Vicar so unfortunately "winged" in *The Wonderful Visit*. Mr. Nelson writes with ease, and there is a whimsical note even in his serious passages which augurs well for his future work. R. S.





Spring in the Lower Rhone Valley

Motor time and Spring time synchronise in many lands. No more so than in the lovely Rhone valley, where Spring cloaks the undulating plains with its gossamer coat of many hues. Avignon (see picture above), redolent of ancient Rome and mediæval France, is a splendid centre for motor-trips in spring and summer. From its ancient market-place run efficient P.L.M. motor services to Tarascon (where once the immortal Tartarin told his tale), Montmajour, Vaison, Orange, Les Baux—all with something to relate of the glories of a mighty Roman Empire. Avignon itself, four hundred miles from Paris, is a town of a hundred joys. It is truly mediæval. Above its stern ramparts rise the grey Gothic pile of the Palace of the Popes. From the Roches des Doms one looks over the ruined Pont St. Bénézet (a photograph of which we reproduce here) under whose remaining arches the Rhone waters swirl their way to the sea. The P.L.M. also maintains three motor services from Nîmes, one of which visits the country of the Camisards, stopping for a midday rest at Mas Soubeyran, where the famous Musée du Désert attracts many students of mediævalism.

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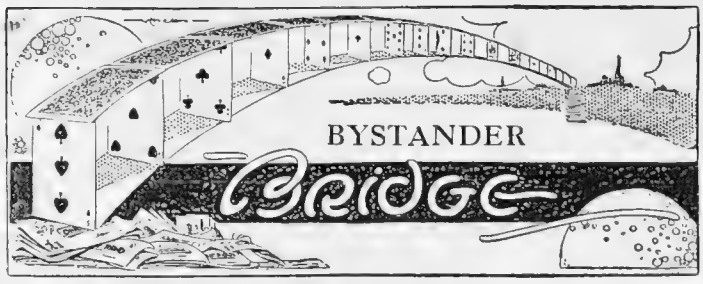


By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

COUPS

At a certain Club are four players who take themselves and their Bridge very seriously. Before they sat down to play, the Club joker removed all the twos out of the packs. They played a whole rubber before the trick was discovered. They are known now as the "deuceless Bridge players."

. . . . .

Most games are won through two things—having the cards and not missing obvious play. Only at rare intervals do opportunities occur for coups to win a game which otherwise would be lost.

The Bath coup is a useful device which frequently results in making an extra trick. The situation arises when you have Ace, Jack and another of a suit, and an opponent holding the King, Queen, leads the King. You play a small one in the hope that the opponent will continue the suit. If he does so, you make two tricks in the suit instead of one.

. . . . . .

The Bath Coup is particularly useful in playing No-Trumps. Z has called "one No-Trumps." A, holding King, Queen, 10 to six Diamonds, and another Ace, leads the King of Diamonds. Z, with Ace, Jack, and a little one, should play the little one and allow the King to make. If A goes on with the suit, Z holds the tenace over him, and makes two tricks in the suit. Should Z put up the Ace first time, all A's Diamonds will be good if he can get his partner B into the lead.

The Bath Coup can often be played towards the end of the hand, when declarer can count the cards and knows how they lie. A skilful player will often make just the one extra trick necessary for game by means of this device.

. . . . . .

The Grand Coup is a more difficult piece of strategy. It may be defined as getting rid of a superfluous trump by the holder of the long trump suit.

To many Bridge players it will seem almost inconceivable that you can ever hold too many trumps. Of course, if you have nine, ten, or more, the situation is unlikely to embarrass you. But paradoxically enough there are occasions when holding six or seven and finding an unfavourable distribution against you, the possession of an extra trump is a hindrance rather than an advantage. When the position is such that it necessitates your trumping your Dummy's best card in order to get the lead where you want it, this is known as the Grand Coup.

. . . . .

In his famous book on Whist, Cavendish explains the Grand Coup at length, and gives several examples of its use. A player should always be on the look-out for it when he has five trumps, especially if a trump is led to his right. Here is a Whist case :—

D—5, 3.
C—10, 7.

Y

S—Q. H—Q.
H—5, 3. *A* *B* C—J, 9, 5.
C—6.

Z

S—7, 6.
D—10, 9.

Clubs are trumps. B knows that Y has 10 and another Club. Z leads the 10 of Diamonds. A trumps with the 6 of Clubs, and B undertrumps with the 5 of Clubs.

If he retains his three Clubs and Y refuses to trump the Queen of Spades which A will lead next, B loses a trick in Clubs. By this Coup A, B make all the tricks.

. . . . .

The essence of the coup is this. In course of play you discover that your right hand adversary has two trumps left, and you have three. One or both of his trumps will be winners if you have to lead the suit from your own hand. You must, therefore, contrive before the twelfth trick to get the lead into Dummy so as to lead through the holder of the two trumps. When this involves ruffing a winner of Dummy's in order to reduce the number of your trumps to the number held by your opponent, you have brought off the Grand Coup. It is a pretty piece of strategic play which is often missed.

. . . . . .

This may sound rather complicated, so let me give a concrete example taken from Pachabo's book, *Twelve Keys to Auction Bridge Play*.

Y deals and calls "One No-Trumps"; B "No bid"; Z "Two Spades"; all pass.

S—A, 6.
H—9, 6, 3.
D—A, K, Q.
C—A, Q, J, 9, 3.

Y
(Dummy)

A *B*

Z

S—K, Q, 8, 7, 2.
H—A, 4, 2.
D—6, 4, 3.
C—K, 10.

The three first tricks are as follows :—

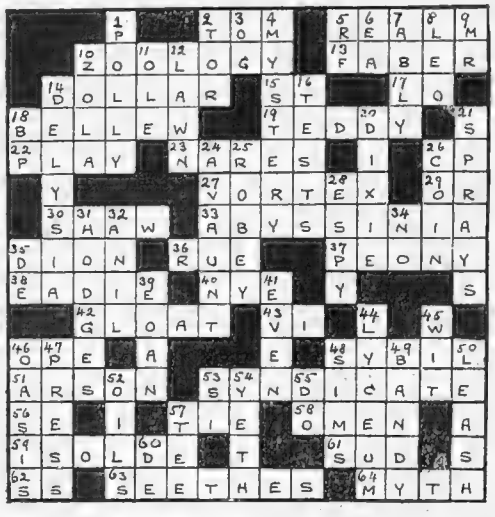
	A	*Y*	*B*	*Z*
Hearts	King	3	5	*Ace*
Spades	10	*Ace*	3	2
Spades	Jack	6	4	*King*

Z should now assume that A has no more Spades, and, consequently, that B holds the 9 and the 5. Z should lead the King of Clubs, then 10 of Clubs, take over with the Jack of Clubs, lead Ace of Clubs, trumping it with 7 of Spades so as to reduce the number of his trumps to two, *i.e.*, the same number of trumps that B holds. Z now puts Dummy in with a Diamond to continue the Club suit *on which he discards his Hearts*, unless, of course, B ruffs, in which event Z must make a grand slam. But B, knowing that Z can over-trump him, will refuse to ruff until he is obliged to do so at trick 12.

. . . . .

Now examine the state of affairs on the assumption that Z does not ruff one of Dummy's winning Clubs, and that B refuses to part with a trump, allowing all Y's Clubs to win. This means that Z discards his two losing Hearts and one of his Diamonds on Dummy's long Clubs. This brings us to trick 8. Dummy now has the three master Diamonds and two Hearts, while Z has two Diamonds and three trumps. After trick 10 has been played, Z has three trumps, hence he cannot avoid getting the lead into his own hand at trick 11, wherefore B makes one of his trumps.

This example will show the principle of the Grand Coup. It is a point of play worth noting and remembering, because an occasion might very likely arise where the correct play of it would make all the difference between winning and losing a game.



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 4

ABOVE is the correct solution of the fourth Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of March 4. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first five correct answers opened), are given below :—

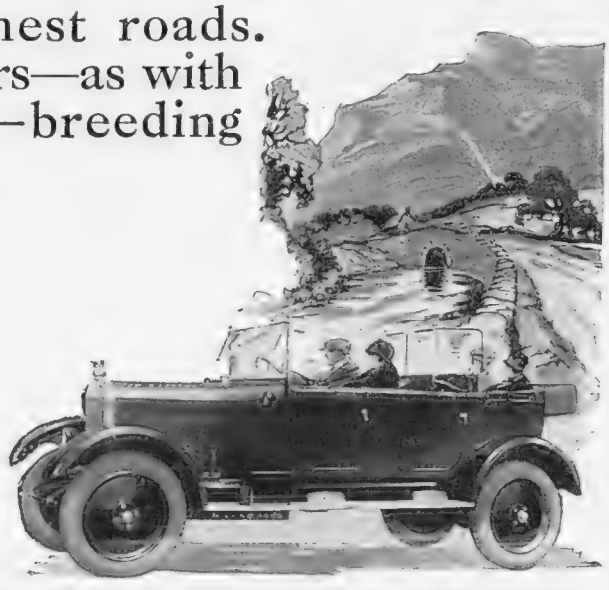
MR. N. L. BOWMAN, Lightburne House, Ulverston, Lancs.
MRS. K. FFRENCH, Somersham Ray Park Avenue, Maidenhead.
MISS HAYWARD, Hotel Prince de Galles, Menton, A.M., France.
MISS M. C. HILL, 22, Bushmead Avenue, Bedford.
MISS MORSE, 105, Barkston Gardens, S.W. 5.

"Scotland's Best is the World's Best"

AN outstanding feature of the "Arrol-Johnston" car is its ability to climb the worst hills and tour the roughest roads. In cars—as with men—breeding tells.

12 h.p. "Arrol-Johnston" Touring Car-de-Luxe with Four Wheel Brakes. Dunlop Low Pressure Cord Tyres and every accessory.

£360
Delivered at Works.



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Arrol-Johnston
Dumfries, Scotland.

Ask for a Trial Run on the famous "Arrol-Johnston" 15·9 h.p. Touring Car

A revelation of Comfort, Speed and Power. This big 5-seater is fitted with Dunlop Low Pressure Cord Tyres, Rear Wind Screen and every accessory. £425 Delivered at Works.

Good Looks make life's rough places smoother—

—and—**every woman can be good-looking!** Good looks are a matter of cultivation rather than of constitution. Many are born good-looking and grow ugly; others, whom nature has endowed with plainness, have the wisdom to care for and cultivate BEAUTY, acting on the advice of the world-known beauty-scientist—

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Madame Rubinstein's power to teach every woman to strike the note of individual attractiveness in her face makes the achievement of good looks no longer difficult. Whether it be to form or reform your complexion, mould or remodel your contour, correct a blemish large or small, Helena Rubinstein's vast fund of experience, Helena Rubinstein's inexhaustible understanding and skill promise you that your looks shall not be a matter of chance, but of your very own choosing.

No fees accepted for consultatione, postally or personally.

"Beauty for Every Woman," *an interesting, instructive brochure will be sent gratis on request. It points out a remedy for every defect which may mar various types of skin.*

In the Spring—
to make the *skin's* rough places smooth,
and to keep the complexion fine, clear and exquisite.

Valaze Pasteurised Facial Cream : a new discovery that supplies the skin with the humidity of which the cold robs it. Ideal for cleansing, nourishing and massage. Feeds and soothes, filling out and preventing lines. 3/- and 5/6.

Valaze Hand Cream : softens and whitens, giving transparency to the skin. 3/-.

Valaze Balm Rose : a protective, beautifying foundation; prevents skin discoloration and roughness, compels finishing touches to adhere. 3/6.

Rheumatic Tendency and skin troubles. Over-abundance of certain acids in the blood causes many complexional defects—ultra sensitiveness, red patches, roughness, &c. Helena Rubinstein gives particular care and treatment in such cases. For Home use Valaze Medicated Cream is of great value making the skin clear and comfortable. 5/6

Valaze Bleaching Cream : to whiten sallow or sunburned skin. Beautifies arms and throat. 4/6.

Valaze Liquidine : immediately whitens the skin and removes shine. Also a skin-medicine to correct oiliness and refine distended pores. 5/6.

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion : brightens, braces, and maintains youthful texture and tension of the skin. 5/-.

Valaze Anthosoros : a rich, rejuvenating anti-wrinkle cream, especially created for thin, delicate skins. 5/6.

Valaze Roman Jelly : tones up relaxed muscles, tightens flabby tissues; a speciality for the "ageing" contour. 4/6.

Loveliness in the Ballroom is assured when the complexion is beautified and fortified with the Valaze Beauty aids. To accentuate the colour and allure of the eyes—to give the lips beauty of colour and shape—to ensure the skin remaining cool-looking, smooth, and softly tinted throughout the dance, there are specialities to suit every type.

Exclusive Beauty Treatments are given at the Salon Valaze to correct every conceivable beauty flaw

Many busy—and wise—women spare time occasionally for a half-guinea "Face-Keeping" Lesson Treatment at the Valaze Salons. They emerge beautified, rested, instructed and cheered by the certainty of increasing attractiveness through suitable, simple home care.

Helena Rubinstein

24, Grafton Street, London, W.1
(Off Bond Street, facing Hay Hill.) 'Phone, Mayfair 4611.
NEW YORK : 46, West 57th Street. **PARIS : 126, Faubourg St. Honoré**

Harrogate Agency—Miss Morton, Grosvenor Buildings (opp. Royal Baths).
Glasgow Agency—Miss Lawrie, 534, Sauchiehall Street, Charing Cross.
Edinburgh Agency—Miss C. Lawrie, 7a, Hope Street (West End).

The Great World Champion

Mr Wm. T. TILDEN, *writes:* "I have played on 'En-Tout-Cas' Courts in the United States, England and France, and have found them uniformly satisfactory. I consider them the best type of Hard Court."

THE LARGEST MAKERS OF HARD COURTS IN THE WORLD

THE En-Tout-Cas HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT

Patent No. 18734.

All Hard Courts at **Championships Ground, Wimbledon,** are EN-TOUT-CAS. Recent important contracts:—**Gleneagles Hotel, Perth,** 9 Courts; **Melbury Club, Holland Park,** 15 Courts; **Harcourt Club, Baron's Court,** 10 Courts; **Sutton** (Surrey) **Hard Court Club,** 9 Courts; **Hotel Bristol, Beaulieu,** 7 Courts; **Sir Jesse Boot's New Park, Nottingham,** 28 Courts (this, we believe, is the largest order for Hard Courts ever placed for any one Club or Ground in this Country).

All the above have no other make of Hard Court.

Orders for EN-TOUT-CAS Courts for America during 1924 created a record.

Write for Booklet No. 62 to the **SOLE MAKERS:**
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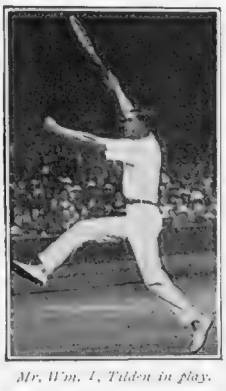

Mr. Wm. T. Tilden in play.

United States Agents: H. A. ROBINSON & Co., 128, Water Street, New York.
Canadian Agents: DOMINION SPORTS AGENCY, 67, Isabella Street, Toronto.

SHOWS AND SPECIALISTS

WANTED, A RECORD.

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE Southern Counties Canine Association holds its Show at Brighton to-day, while West Country folk stage their Fox-Terrier Exhibition at Bristol. Surrey has its own Show at Dorking next Wednesday, the opening day of Manchester's big Championship event, in which the North Country fanciers promise to beat their own good records.

"Your correspondents deserve thanks and credit, Mr. Kennelman," writes a breeder just now on holiday in Spain, "for challenging some of the indiscreet generalisations of alleged specialists, and I hope with your help they may counteract the spread of error. Another sample has just reached me which ought never to have seen print—the very sort of thing that brings trouble for breeders and sellers of pups, and loss and disappointment for buyers who accept such guidance. Thus:—'I'll tell you how a Dog should be fed. At first, when puppies have only just been taken from their mothers, the best thing for them is warm bread and milk. . . . Don't ever be so foolish as to give puppies meat or hard biscuit. They can't possibly digest such things . . . bread and milk can be varied with biscuit meals . . . well soaked in warm water or milk.' From which the novice naturally concludes that all he needs for the weaner he has bought is bread and milk, or biscuit meal and water, and that meat is 'foolish.' Do, please, put 'em right, and help save the canine children from flatulent starvation!"

Such counsel is misleading. Bread and milk will *fill* puppies; but it is not enough to *feed* them; apart from the fact that cow's milk is nothing near so strong or rich in proteids as bitch's milk. Meat, so far from being "foolish," in this connection, is the most valuable of all foods. Whatever shape it may take, the canine dietary should consist of not less than 50 per cent. lean meat to 50 per cent. farinaceous matter. In fact, meat should play its part in the weaning process, and even be given before weaning; *but*, as a matter of course, with due regard to the immaturity of the pup's chewing apparatus. The scrapings of raw lean, that is, in effect, beef juice, should form the suckling pup's first introduction to his most valuable natural food; and when weaning comes, he may get his meat in the form of good broth, with all its fat eliminated, and minced raw lean. Give him big bones to nuzzle, too; they will help him greatly. Bread and milk alone will fill him with wind and woe. Broth for softening is better than milk.

There ought to be a Record of Services Rendered compiled and published under official doggy auspices, because few people realise how much our Dogs do for us nowadays, quite apart from the solace and companionship they bring into many lives. Hardly a day passes in any given countryside that does not bring fresh instances alike of their intelligence and loyal devotion. A pair of Airedales disappeared the other day from Braintree. After a good many days of unavailing search, they were at length discovered, pretty much exhausted, in a wood; the dog caught in a fox snare; the bitch, quite free, but loyally sticking to her mate, and striving all she knew to help him, and indifferent to her own needs. The landlord of the Junction Hotel, Hengoed, was roused from his bed by the determined door-scratching and barking of his dog, and led downstairs. More barking and scratching at a downstairs door, until, this being opened, fire was discovered, in time to be put out with the loss of no more than a little furniture.

AT HER DANCE, BRIDGE PARTY, RECEPTION—the hostess takes pride in making sure she has the best of everything for her guests, and realises it is most important that the beverages are absolutely right.
Whatever else is provided, the good hostess knows there are two necessities: Lemon Squash and Orange Squash, always the most popular beverages. Therefore she orders

KIA-ORA

LEMON SQUASH & ORANGE SQUASH

because they are known to be the best—genuine fresh fruit juices and cane sugar—and make without any trouble at very little cost the most delightful Lemon Squash, Orange Squash, Lemonade, Orangeade, etc.

Sold by all Stores, Grocers, Wine Merchants and Chemists, at **2/2** *and* **1/2** *per bottle.*

Sole Makers—KIA-ORA, LTD., BLACKFRIARS, S.E.

The prices of

HAMPTONS EASY CHAIRS and SETTEES

invariably compare favourably with the best value that can be obtained anywhere

For Example:—

Hamptons No. S. 14420.—Stuffover Easy Chair upholstered Hair and Fibre, Loose Feather Seat Cushion covered with good quality printed Tissue **£7 : 7 : 6**

For many other illustrations of the best values yet produced in Easy Chairs and Settees see Hamptons New Catalogue S. 156 sent free.

Hamptons No. S. 16640.—Stuffover Settee upholstered Hair and Fibre, 2 Loose Feather Cushions covered with good quality printed Tissue. **£13 : 5 : 0**

Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain

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Decorators Furnishers

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Have stood the test of years.

ON APPROVAL. Send height and bust measurements, together with remittance or London business reference. All moneys refunded in full immediately on receipt of any parcel returned.
Write for Illustrated List.

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Elvery's (Estd. 1850) are producing new models and new materials at strictly moderate prices.

Elvery's world-renowned Featherweight Silk Waterproofs in a variety of new colourings. From **3 Gns.**

WATERPROOFS in Silks and Satin.
The Best the World produces.

Elvery's hold a large selection, and a nice choice always awaits inspection.

ELVERY'S ZEPHYR MAC for ladies and gentlemen. Reduction in price for 1925 **29/6**
Belted or unbelted design.
The Best Value in London.

Tailor-made **RAIN WRAPS** in real West of England Coverts. From **79/6**

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Elvery's
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(One door from New Bond Street)
And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork.

DIAMOND & PLATINUM WRIST WATCHES FOR EASTER GIFTS

Highest Quality — Good Value

H 402
Diamond and all Platinum fully Jewelled Reliable Wrist Watch.
Best Lever Movement.

Catalogue **£35** *post free.*

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Diamond, Black Onyx and Platinum Wrist Watch.
Fully Jewelled. Best Lever Movement.

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H 409
Charming Diamond and Platinum Wrist Watch.
Fully Jewelled. Best Lever Movement.

£26 15s.

Call and see Vickery's Charming Novelties for Easter.

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177 to 183 REGENT ST, LONDON, W·1·
By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

AS THE SPIRIT MOVES IT

An O.K. Motor Cycle and Sidecar which recently underwent a two-thousand mile test exclusively on BP. motor spirit. The petrol consumption averaged 69·5 miles to the gallon

BROOKLANDS track has now been opened for the season. Numerous improvements have been made in the surface, and I am told that over 1,000 tons of concrete have been used for this purpose. The first big car meeting of the year is on Easter Monday, April 13, and from what I hear several new and exceptionally speedy cars will make their appearance. The catering last year was considered to have been a great improvement on that which obtained previously, and I am, therefore, glad to hear that similar arrangements have been made for the forthcoming season.

* * *

I GAVE details some time ago of a hospital competition organised by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd. The prize, consisting of an 11 h.p. "Piccadilly" saloon valued at £275, was offered to the entrant who estimated most correctly the distances covered by two cars, "A" and "B." The fortunate winner was Mr. Frank Hewson, Warwick Avenue, Coventry, who estimated the mileages at 1,367 and 1,637. The actual mileages recorded on the speedometers—sealed and certified by the A.A.—were 1,366.1 and 1,649.4.

* * *

I AM very pleased to announce reductions in the prices of three well-known motor-cars. Alphabetically, the first of these occurs with the 12 h.p. Bean. The new price of a two or four-seater is £298, complete with four speeds, four-wheel brakes, balloon tyres, and a very generous equipment. Next we come to the Calthorpe, of which the 10-20 two-seater now sells at £200, while the 12-20 h.p. two-seater costs £285. The four-seater and saloon models have been correspondingly reduced. The Hillman Motor Car Co. last year experienced such a demand for their cars that some difficulty was experienced in keeping up with the demand. The latest improvements in connection with their unique all-weather coachwork made a price increase necessary, but owing to improved manufacturing facilities it has now been possible to reduce the price of the two-three-seater all-weather Hillman car to £320. I have already expressed my approval of the excellent all-weather equipment provided as standard on the Hillman.

* * *

ANYTHING coming from the Sunbeam motor works at Wolverhampton is worthy of the closest consideration and is entitled, owing to the excellence of the *marque*, to careful criticism. The latest which passed through my hands is the 12-30 h.p., the smallest of the Sunbeam

(Continued on page 666).

The new Buick at a far lower price

General Motors, Ltd., announce immediate price reductions of the 1925 Buick

20 hp
SIX CYLINDER

Chassis	£290
2-seater with dickey	£355
5-seater "Majestic" Tourer	£355
4-seater Coupé	£480
5-seater Saloon	£498

27 hp
SIX CYLINDER

Chassis	£355
7-seater "Monarch" Tourer	£475
"Piccadilly" 2-seater with dickey	£480
"Regent" 5-seater Tourer	£495
7-seater Saloon	£675
Imperial Limousine (enclosed drive)	£715

Above prices are ex Works and apply to Great Britain and Ulster only

All models are finished in the new Du Pont process, which is practically indestructible and is not affected by grit, mud, tar, heat or rain, but actually improves with age and use

GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED, Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9

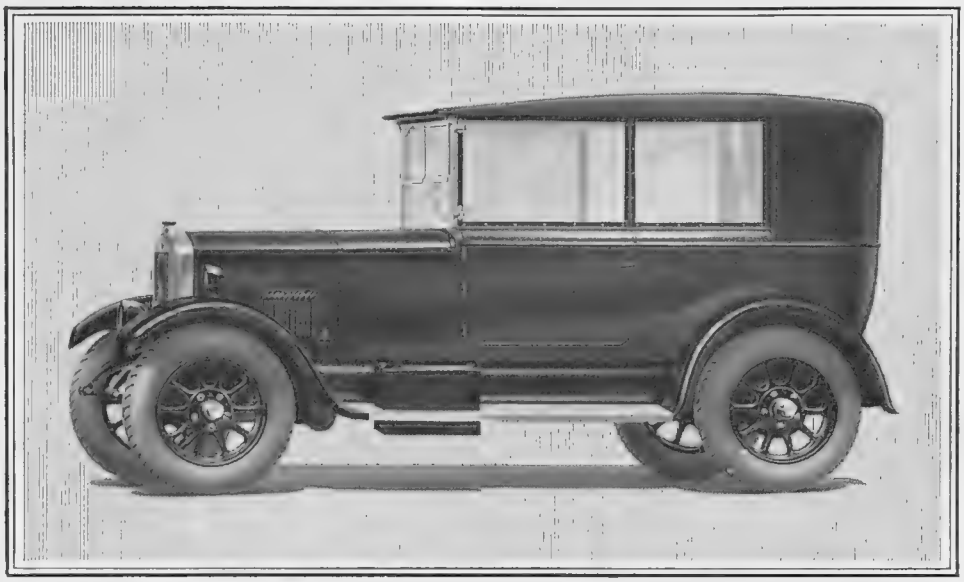
Your local dealer will give you full particulars of the range, also General Motors' deferred payment system. Write for his name and address

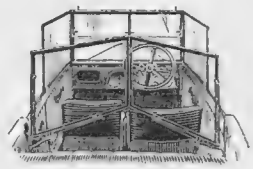
Buick

D.P.4

B U I C K

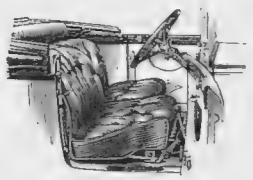
"Whatever the weather the Hillman is right"





These neat side screens in black metal frames fit flush with the body and remain rigid. No gaping, no flapping, no rattle, no draught. When desired the two front screens may be extended outward like a casement window, and the two rear screens may be adjusted as a V-shaped windscreen in the manner shown. The two front screens open with the doors.

Hail, rain or shine — any time's Hillman time



THE cult of car comfort under all climatic conditions commenced with the Hillman in 1922 and it is still unique. Whatever the weather the Hillman is right. The patent rigid side-screens in neat black metal frames fit flush with the hood, and rubber buffers at all points of contact absorb road shocks, preventing rattle. The result is indistinguishable from a saloon, a closed car wind and draught proof. When an open car is desired, the Hillman has the advantage of being instantly convertible. It solves the eternal question "What type of car shall I have, open or closed?" The Hillman is both. An all purpose car for every occasion and season. A British car for British weather. You must inspect a Hillman to appreciate its "difference."

Separate sliding seats provide a range of movement and a comfortable position suited to every type of motorist. The polished walnut facia board contains a clock, speedometer, dash lamp, oil pressure indicator, petrol gauge and electric starter. The electric horn operates from the centre of steering wheel. The screen wiper, floor carpets and receptacles for parcels, gloves, etc., are all points of refinement.

Hillman

11 h.p. Hillman Two/Three Seater, completely equipped,

£320

11 h.p. Hillman Four/Five Seater, completely equipped,

£335

Dunlop Balloon Tyres are fitted as standard. Write for illustrated Catalogue to the HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., COVENTRY. London Showrooms: 143/149 Gt. Portland St. W.1.

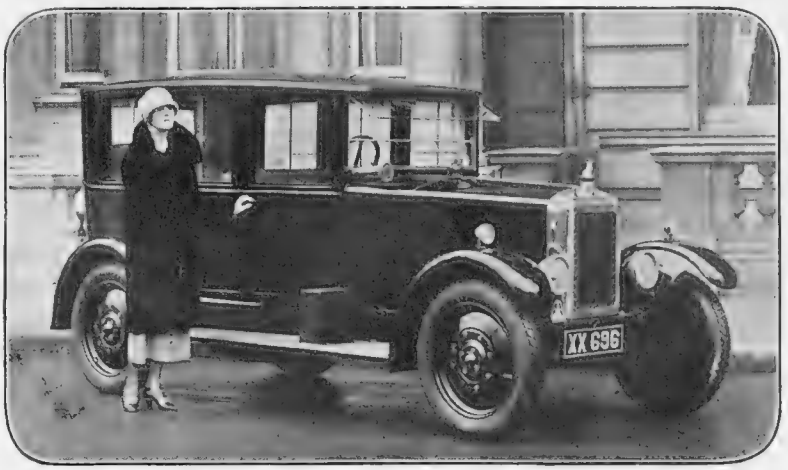
H.P.

range, and I wish to say at the outset that it is a very good car indeed, with practically all the finer points of a Sunbeam. It is very flexible and free from vibration, and is a very satisfactory hill-climber. Although the engine is capable of a high speed, it, nevertheless, has a satisfactory pull at low speeds. The hill-climbing can be carried out either fast or slow, according to the wishes of the driver. Particular mention must be made of the steering, which is well up to the Sunbeam standard. No greater praise can be accorded.

* *
*

It is one thing to own a motor vehicle and it is quite another to run it. I therefore welcome the offer of the manufacturers of the Douglas motor-cycle to supply free petrol and oil with every new machine to enable it to run 1,000 miles. In this distance the owner will have become thoroughly enamoured of his machine, and will feel quite at home upon it. As regards Douglas machines, it is interesting to note that all these cycles are tuned and tested on B.P. motor spirit, and their carburetters are adjusted to give the best results on that fuel. The moral seems obvious to those who wish to obtain the best results on their 1,000 miles free travel.

One of the things which I regretted in the past, was the comparative disappearance of the well-known Peugeot from the English market. I am therefore very pleased to hear that this old and well-established house has lately been completely reorganised, and spacious showrooms are now open in Brompton Road, S.W. 3, where all models may be inspected.



OFF PARADE

Miss Margaret Bannerman, who is playing in "The Grand Duchess" at the Globe, photographed beside her new 14 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley Saloon model

I am very pleased to welcome the latest model of the Rolland-Pilain car to this country. It is now represented by French Motors, Ltd., of Regent Street, and its particularly attractive feature is that it is remarkably fast, although providing the normal amount of comfort. The new two-litre model with leather body, I am told, can easily attain a speed of 85 m.p.h. The chassis, which is French, can be obtained with either English or French coachwork, and at the present moment holds several class speed records in France. I hope to have more to say about the new R.-P. after I have had a personal trial of it.

* *
*

For the past few weeks much of my time after sunset has been taken up by demonstrations of anti-dazzle and dimming devices. I think there is a feeling among most motorists that such devices are still in their infancy. Certainly I once held this opinion, but after some of the demonstrations which have been made to me, I am quite convinced that it will not be long before the problem is solved completely. I have sat behind lights where one could see as far as one wanted to and at the same time these lamps only dazzled very slightly when viewed from their business ends, and such dazzle ceased as quickly as it was caused. Those who travel on any of our main roads after dark during the crowded hours of the week-end will welcome any solution of this problem. G. C. T.

Quality Features

Why you should Buy a Bean

Series No. 1 *The Engine*

The vision, the forethought, that are obviously behind the excellent design of the Power unit in both the Bean "Twelve" and the "Fourteen" must make a strong appeal to the man who values a good engine. With, in the "Twelve" a bore of 69 m.m., and a stroke of 120 m.m., making 1794 c.c., in the "Fourteen" a bore of 75 m.m., and a stroke of 135 m.m., making 2385 c.c., and in both engines 4 cylinders, cast monobloc with detachable heads, interchangeable side-by-side valves, all on near side, and fully balanced three-bearing crank shaft, the power unit of the Bean is a "quality" product worthy of the good car of which it is to become a part.

The "Twelve" from £298. The "Fourteen" from £395.

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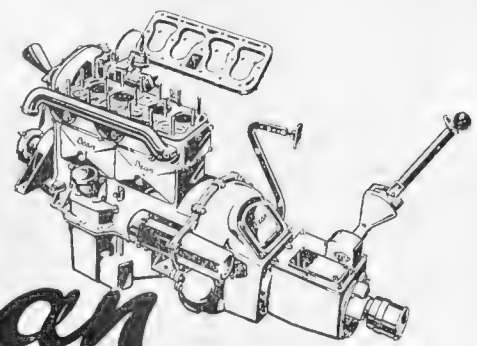
Wires:
Delivabean, Padd., London.



Bean
"The Milestones Know"

Freedom !

Out from the fret of the town, in the clean, fresh air of the countryside, the open road, and a trouble-free car, is *the* way to health and freedom.

Freedom, too, from the worry and expense of an unsatisfactory purchase can be avoided by consulting CAR MART, London's Largest Car Dealers. Specialising in dependable cars, both new and second-hand, they offer the buyer an unrivalled selection from all the best makers. Every taste and requirement can be satisfied from their huge stock without delay, and deferred terms will be willingly arranged to meet the convenience of purchasers.

If you already own a car, you will get a worth-while offer for it in part exchange for a new one on equitable terms.

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The Car of International Reputation.

The 10/15 h.p. Model "— sets a standard and is very rightly regarded as one of the very best of all small-engined cars of the world."

—Mr. W. Whittall, "EVE," Feb. 18, '25.

Standard Equipment for touring cars and chassis includes: Electric Lighting Set and Starter, 5 Lamps, Clock, Speedometer, Spare Wheel and 5 Michelin Cable Tyres. Any type of coachwork supplied.

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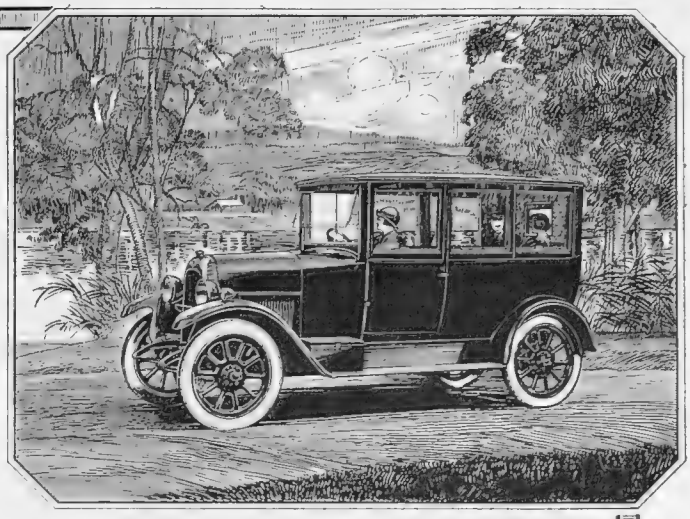
Telephone - - - Gerrard 7946 (4 lines)
Wires - - - - - Fiatism, Piccy, London
Works - - - - - - Wembley, Middlesex



10/15 h.p. Saloon Model

£395

(Tax £11.)

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WARNING.

With every Fiat Car a full guarantee is issued by this Company.

Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased. The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.

This model is a typical example of Fiat highest grade individuality linked with a value unprecedented in the annals of automobilism.

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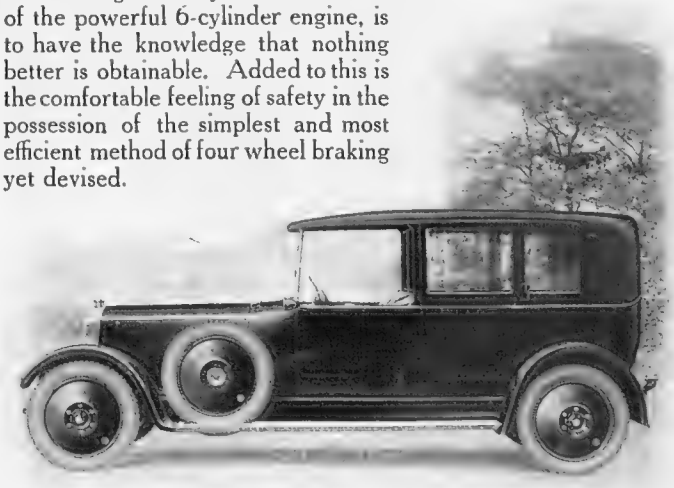

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AN INVITATION

Harrods Exposition of the Fashions for Spring is simply a tribute to the dress-taste and discrimination of the public Harrods serve. Visitors tell us that nowhere else is there to be found a Display so fascinating, so original, so informative. Why not accept Harrods invitation to this enchanting spectacle?

Harrods Ltd **HARRODS** *London SW1*

Spring Fashions

By MRS. JACK MAY

TOWN is quietly but steadily filling up, and the world of dress-loving women are prospecting round with a view to getting the hang of fashion ere they make the final and momentous purchases.

Coats and Skirts to Meet all Tastes

FOREMOST in the van of fashionable acceptance are coats and skirts, and the equally popular three-piece. These may be said to be the corner-stone of all well-equipped wardrobes, and in view of an assured big demand, the supply at Peter Robinsons, Oxford Circus, is more prolific than ever. There are literally hundreds, indeed thousands to choose from, ranging from knock-about country suits to those suitable for Town wear.

In the latter category comes the model sketched, a coat and skirt of checked covert repp in pleasant tones of beige brown. Perfectly cut and tailored is the wrap-over skirt closing with several buttons, and taking into consideration the fine quality of the material, few will consider the price high at 12 guineas.

Myriads of little buttons decorate a three-piece of checked beige repp that has a pinkish orange tinge, this arranged with a skirt, long jumper, and straight coat that is slit up at the sides.

The much debated revival of grey is a *fait accompli*, thanks to the clever blendings with the pastel-toned felt hats, contrasting coat linings, and here and there a touch of embroidery. Of grey repp is an ideal Spring suit in these *salons*, relieved by a white vest, and collar bound grey, and a serried line of small, self-coloured buttons up the back of the coat. A speckled repp in a delightful crushed raspberry pink, has a short coat, the front meeting down the centre to a long line, where it suddenly takes a sharp outward curve to close with two buttons. Thus, very briefly, is the survey of tailor-mades at Peter Robinsons, an establishment it will well repay all to visit at the very earliest opportunity.

A TAILORED MODEL

A neat coat and skirt of checked covert repp in pleasant tones of beige brown. Like all models from Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, it shows excellent cut and tailoring

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

Organdi Frocks for Tiny Tots

IT is a sheer joy to those who love children to dress them daintily and picturesquely, and it is clearly a labour of love to those responsible for the exquisite little frocks to be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, in the Juvenile Department.

Organdi, crisp and fresh and in the loveliest colours, plays an important part in these dresses, and while simple, childish, and in every way suitable, the frocks are one and all distinguished by originality. Our artist has sketched one in pale green organdi, the scalloped hem of which, together with the neck and short sleeves, is finished with tiny plaited rouleaux of the muslin, and how the small wearer will love that little pocket for her tiny hanky, and how smart she will consider the little wreath with which it is finished, of shaded hand-made silk roses, a posy of the same flowers decorating the left shoulder with narrow ribbon streamers.

Likewise illustrated is a simple frock for a child of six years. This is of soft white silk figured over in tones of orange and green, a band of white organdi trimming the skirt at one side, to match the dainty little collar and cuffs that are narrowly bound with orange. Many other dresses of similar simple, practical character are being seen made of cretonne finished with collars of embroidered muslin.

Hats in their Infinite Variety

THE interest being taken in things millinery is more marked this season. For important changes are coming about, and scarcely a week passes without the millinery world giving us fresh interests to consider. At D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, for instance, hats absorb three large *salons*, variously devoted to untrimmed, semi-trimmed, and model hats, the display exceeding all records.

As space forbids more than a brief review, attention is concentrated on the show of model *chapeaux*; for these the most exclusive sources in Paris have been requisitioned.

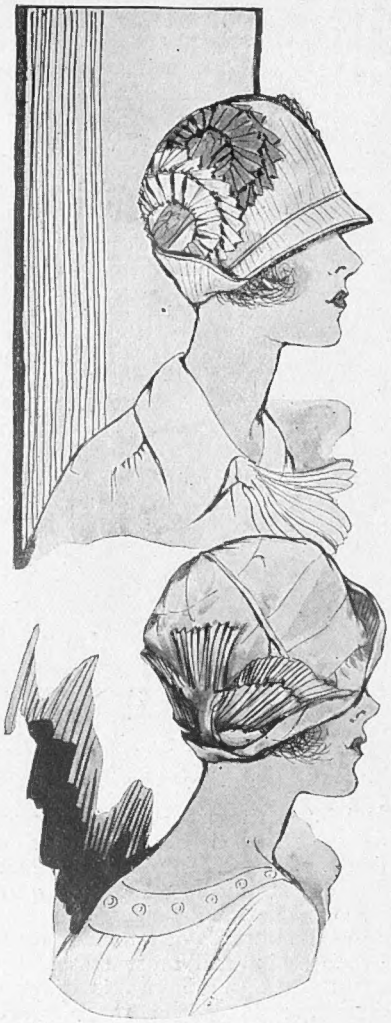
Nor is it surprising, with flowers once more in the front ranks of favour, to find hats, the crowns of which are entirely composed of the heads of shaded hyacinths, softened by little brims of strained georgette, quite the most charming Spring-like confection the heart of woman could desire to find; and most reasonably, too, priced at 29*s*. 6*d*. In this trimmed section, moreover, the range starts from one guinea, and the value is not to be equalled anywhere.

Direct from the *salons* of the

PARTY FROCKS

Two dainty little frocks for children, sketched at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's juvenile department, Wigmore Street. The smaller one is of pale green organdi, with scalloped hem and rouleaux of muslin finishing off the neck and sleeves. The other model is for the young lady of six, in soft figured silk

Sketched by "Beta"



SPRING MILLINERY

Two neat little hats picked at random from the huge selection to be seen at Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street. (Above) One of the new fine straws, trimmed with rosettes of pleated moiré, in self colours. (Below) A close fitting shape of the moment in cyclamen coloured Petersham ribbon, with a pert *retroussé* brim and a neat imitation bird mount

Sketched by "Beta"

well-known Georgette is the model pictured above, of one of the new fine straws. This is in a natural shade that goes so beautifully with the oatmeal kasha suits, and it is trimmed with wheels of pleated silk in a self colour and a deeper shade. To be noted significantly is the way the brim is turned up at the back, while the eyes are comfortably shaded.

For Petersham ribbon there is a veritable obsession in the realms of millinery. A charming example, likewise illustrated, is carried out in a deep cyclamen tone, the line in this case taking a *retroussé* turn in front, while at the back is posed an amusing ornament of the ribbon adroitly pleated and shaped to represent a bird. Both these are representative of the taste of the moment, being small and close fitting.

Messrs. D. H. Evans though, by no means confine all their attention to shingled heads, for they are well supplied with large fittings and more important styles. In this *galère* there is an admirable model of crêpe de Chine, with a mushroom brim—for which there is a marked feeling again—the crown trimmed with a ruche effect of finely pleated ribbon. Running through a long range of colours, the price is only 21*s.* 9*d.*

Preparations for Easter

A VERY welcome change is happily coming over the aspect of the useful wrap-coat. In lieu of the ubiquitous tube, these are now being modelled on mannish lines, with double-breast, visibly buttoned fronts, and a slit up the back. They are also very slightly shaped to the figure, and if you would see the innovation at its best and latest, go to Harrods, Brompton Road, the inexpensive department, where among other models will be found the covert repp, pictured. This, in warm tones of beige and reddish brown, is lined with crêpe de Chine, and is obtainable at the very reasonable price of £6 12*s.* 6*d.*

During the week this issue appears, Harrods are holding a special display of sports suits for Easter. A white appliqué blanket cloth coat is the smartest wrap imaginable, with its collar and cuffs ornamented with cut-out leather in black and many colours.

A Safe Haven for Smart Clothes

LIVING up to the unrivalled name which they have built up, the Maison Ross, Grafton Street, is showing a number of arresting models. That they boast among their *clientèle* some of the very best-dressed women is well known, and they are as successful with the matron as they are with the *ingénue*. Their taste is so sure that it can afford to be eclectic, and although the modes of the moment are on the youthful side, it merely takes a master mind and hand to adapt.

Embroidery distinguishes the charming little jumper frock, illustrated.

WRAP-COATS À LA GARÇONNE

A smart double-breasted wrap-coat from Messrs. Harrods, Brompton Road. This model is built in warm tones of beige and brown, and lined with crêpe de Chine

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

A SMART JUMPER SUIT

From Maison Ross, Grafton Street, in apricot marocain. Its delicate embroidery is cunningly carried out in shades of gold and black

Sketched by "Beta"

This is of apricot marocain, the *broderie* carried out in shades of gold, with a fine line of black occurring only on the jumper. It is impossible, however, for either picture or description to do justice to the quiet, clever-studied simplicity of this confection, which is worn with a cloche hat of exotic straw in brown and beige.

An ideal early Spring frock of fine navy repp has a semi-flare apron front, edged with a small ruche of the same, bound black satin, the long, straight corsage being finished with a round collar and narrow tapering vest of coffee-coloured embroidered organdi and narrow lace. A remarkably clever three-piece is carried out in dark brown zebeline, the coat lined orange, and trimmed with embroideries of orange, white and black, worked on bands of cloth.

Simplicity for Street Wear

DESPITE the rivalry of coats and skirts, and three-pieces, coat frocks are steadily holding their own, and the great chic of these rests in simplicity of line, combined with original materials and colours.

Faintly checked fabrics appear to

(*Continued on page 672*)

THE

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ARE NOW SHOWING THEIR

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WALKING AND SPORTS SUITS
READY-TO-WEAR GOWNS AND COATS
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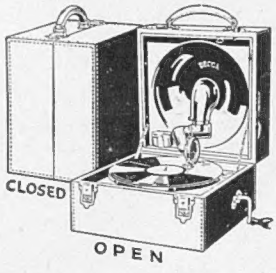

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Selects a delightful

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It is a Felt Hat with strap effect across front caught up by a buckle.

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Condor Hats, being exclusive models are only on sale at the Best Stores. If your milliner is unable to supply, please write for address of nearest agent to the Wholesale producers I. & R. K. CONNOR Ltd., Barbican, London, E.C.

CAMERA STUDY BY DOROTHY WILDING

be in the ascendant where these are concerned, and it would be difficult to find a more representative example than the model our artist has sketched at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street.

Essentially for the approved very slim figure, this is built of checked covert repp in shades of tan, brown, or black and white, and fastened from throat to hem with buttons in tone, the skirt overlap either side being similarly ornamented with buttons, a demure little touch accorded the whole being collar and cuffs in crisp white organdi.

Supremely elegant is another of these coat frocks effected in stone-coloured cloth, the front opening on to a narrow vest of white piqué, long ribbon ends falling from the outside of the collar; while for the smarter occasions there is shown a fine white repp, ornamented with a hem and trimming of brick red, which is worn with a long coat of brick-red repp.

Designed for a large full figure is a fine navy repp, trimmed with flat gilt buttons and gold braiding, the whole slightly and amusingly reminiscent of a naval uniform without being in the least extreme.

Coiffure Adjuncts and Aids

THE rôle of *coiffeur* is far from being a sinecure these days. The perfectly turned-out head, whether shingled or dressed, is the crowning triumph of a well-turned-out woman, and the trained expert eye alone realises how singularly individual is each face and head.

AN ATTRACTIVE COAT-FROCK

A coat frock for a slim figure, this model from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, is built of checked covert repp in brown, tan, and black and white.

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

Every aspect has to be considered, back, front, and profile, and it is in the deft alliance of these that one detects the master mind and hand. A *première* power in the world of coiffure is Gaston Emile, 24, Conduit Street, whose "Ultima" transformations are known the world over as the most perfect *postiche* work procurable. In fact, once on the head, be it transformation or *toupet*, it is impossible to detect the presence of an adventitious aid. The hair is matched with the utmost nicety to that growing on the head, both in colour and texture, and these pieces, transformations or *toupets*, can be parted anywhere, the fine net framework fitting the scalp quite invisibly. They are veritable masterpieces, and promise to be called into service more than ever when the vogue for shingling passes, as it assuredly will in the near or far future.

Scotland in London

THE *première* position held by Scotland in knitted wear is so universally accepted that no further comment is needed, and although such firms as Messrs. Greensmith Downes, of Edinburgh, assist in every way possible by illustrated catalogues for shopping by post, there is nothing like seeing the actual garments. This those in and about London will be able to do, as the firm is holding an exhibition of its famed goods at the Dean Hotel, Oxford Street. This started on the 16th and continues until the 24th.

At the display there will be shown

(Continued on page x)

Leon Morton

ODDENINO'S

A "CHEZ FYSHER" Cabaret

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